

The Ranger

1971





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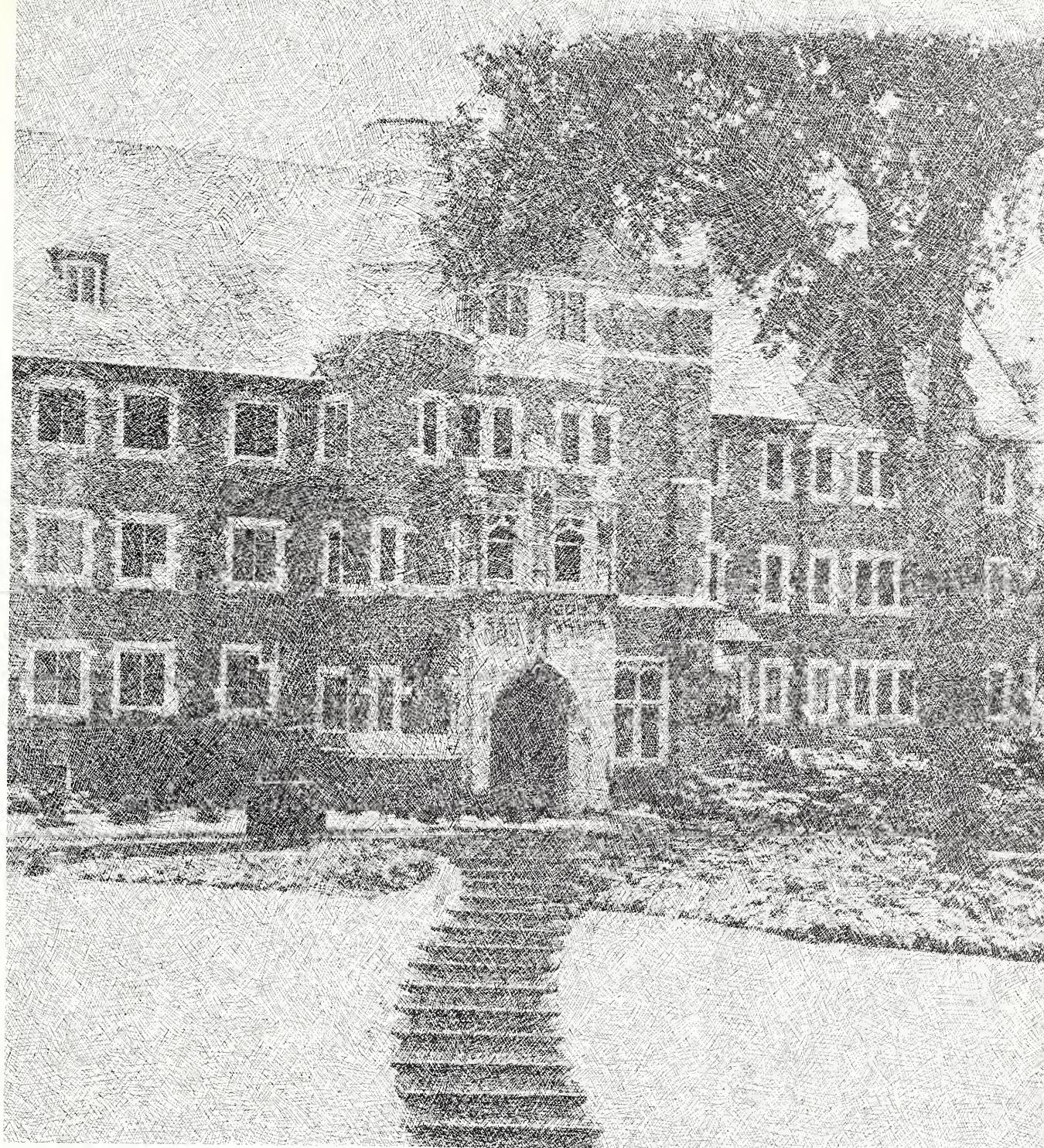




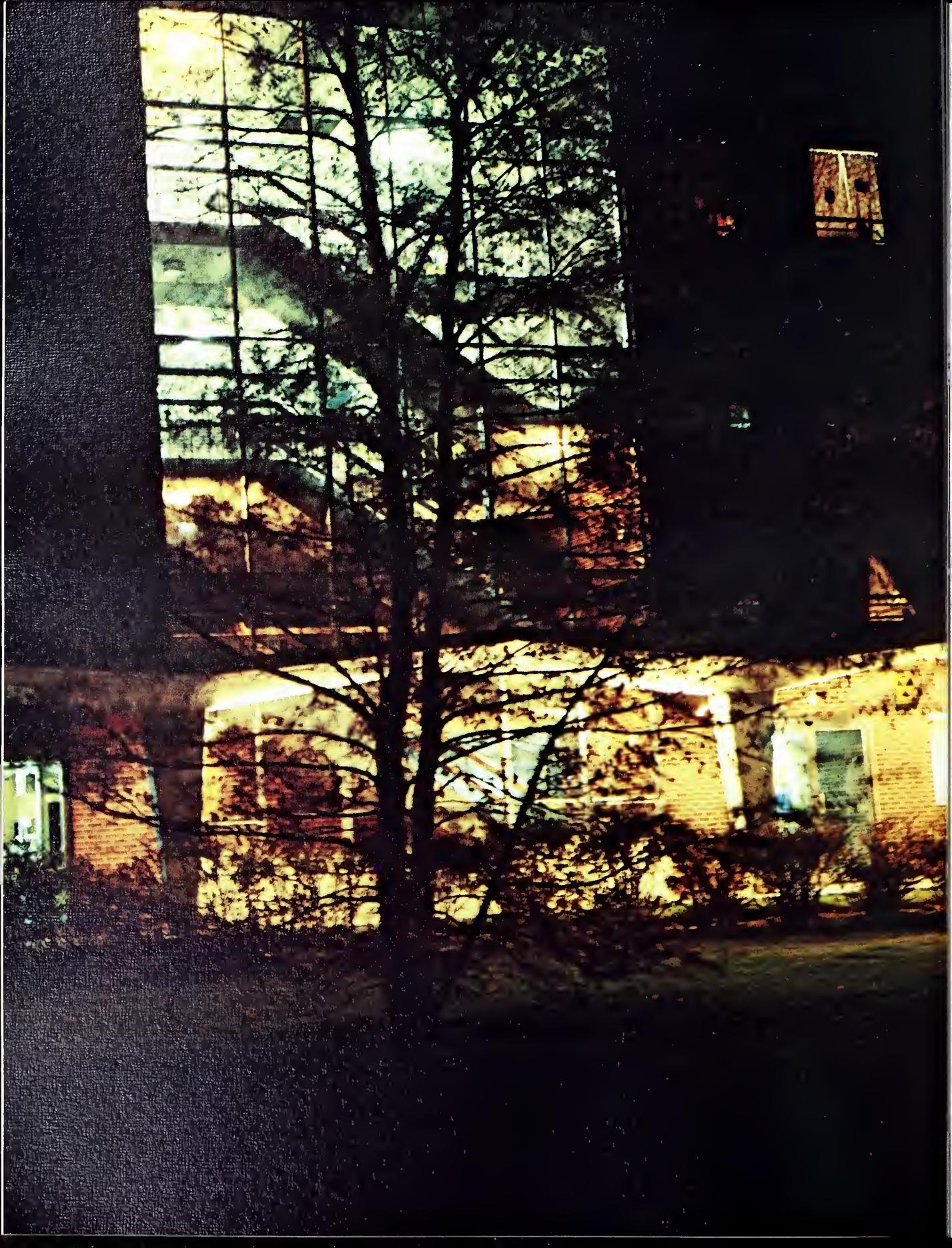
The 1971 Ranger

Part I





*He looked . . .
and he wondered . . .*









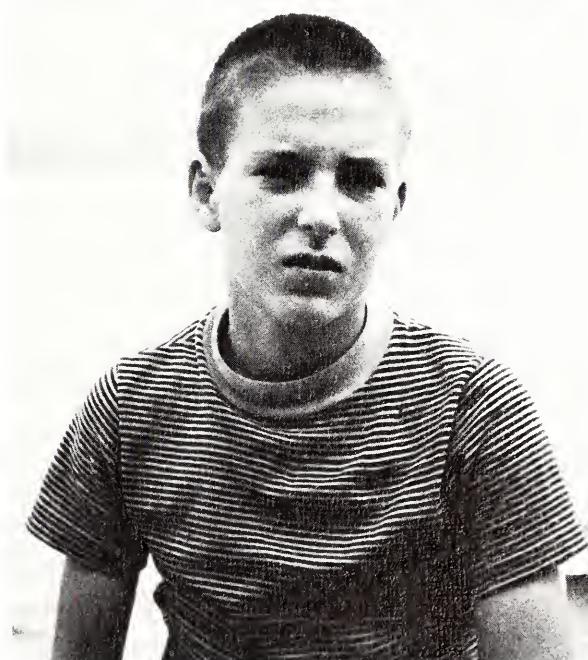
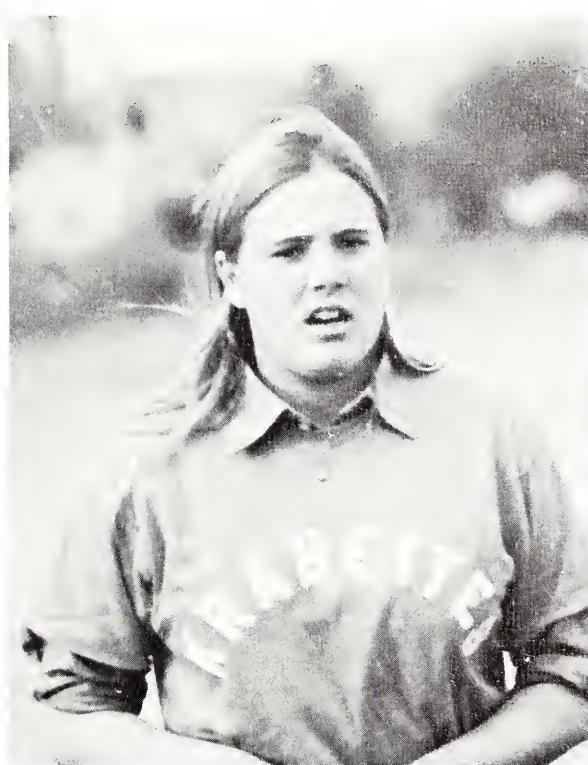
*He was once a seeker
and he sought
to find something to
applaud
and, at times
he was excited.*

*He was now a student
and he fought
to wonder, and
to act, and
react, and everything
fell into its space
and out of place.*



*He was a student
and he was often
alone ...*





*... sometimes a little crazy,
and always he wondered
what was important.*



As the day began they shook off their headaches, drank coffee, and groaned at each other. The crew was in the yard, putting up the tents. After an hour or so of recuperation they carted up the books and sat them in the sunshine.

"Will the helicopter show?"

"Who cares? When does the beer get here?"

"I got some in my car."

"Cold?"

"It's in a cooler."

"Great!"

"I don't know. I haven't talked to them in a month." As the day progressed, they drank themselves through it.

"Hey . . ."

"Yeah?"

"Get screwed."

"Please announce the dog races."

"Get screwed."

Here It Comes



"Did we win the rugby game?"

"Ha Ha."

"Baseball?"

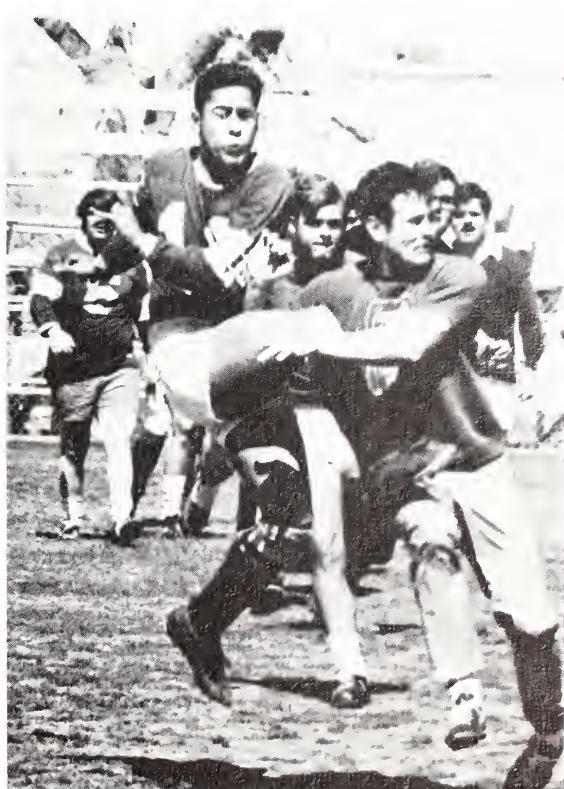
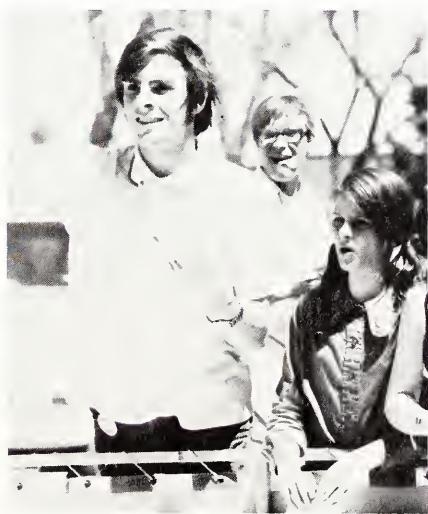
"Ha Ha."

"Well, at least the helicopter showed."

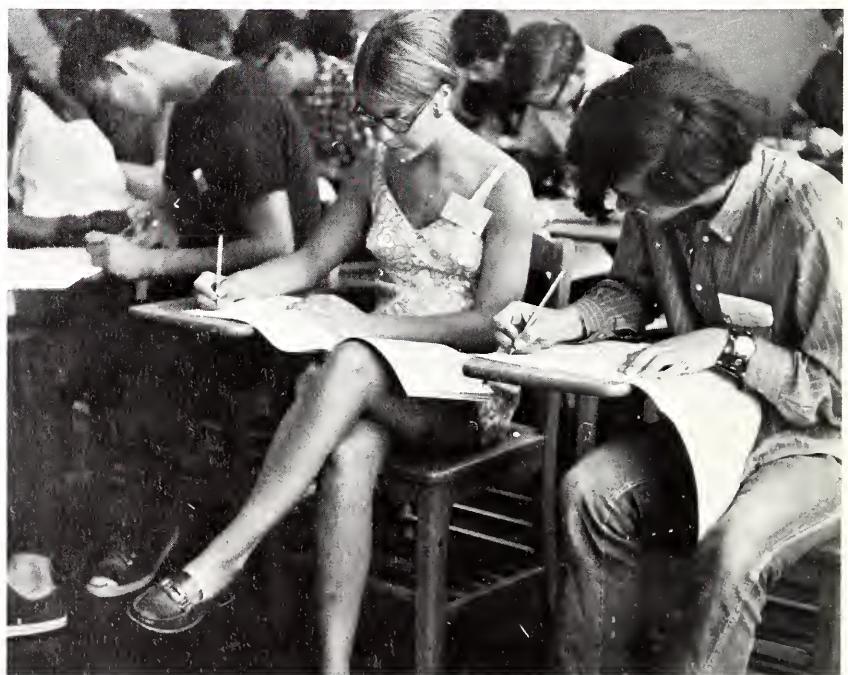
"Yeah."

The final count read four hundred, and the boys were groaning again, but everything else was the same. They turned to each other, one of them threw up, another didn't know what to say, and they all went downstairs to the dance.

Ranger Day



Beginning



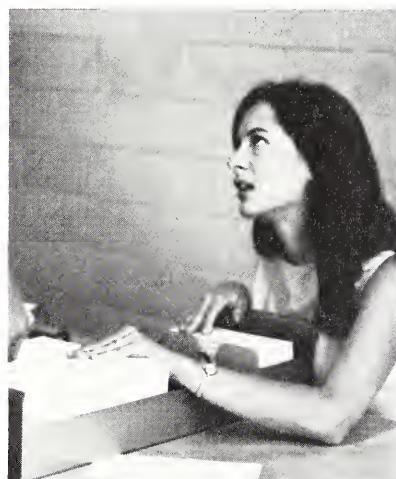


god, what am i doing here? i'm not even sure i want to be here.





i'm getting surer every minute that i don't want to be here. why is that lady looking at me like that? this place is making me sicker all the time. i know i don't want to be here.



but if i'm not here, i mean i
could go over there but once i got
there it would be another here all
over again. wow man that's pretty
heavy for my first week of college.

i guess i'll make it okay.







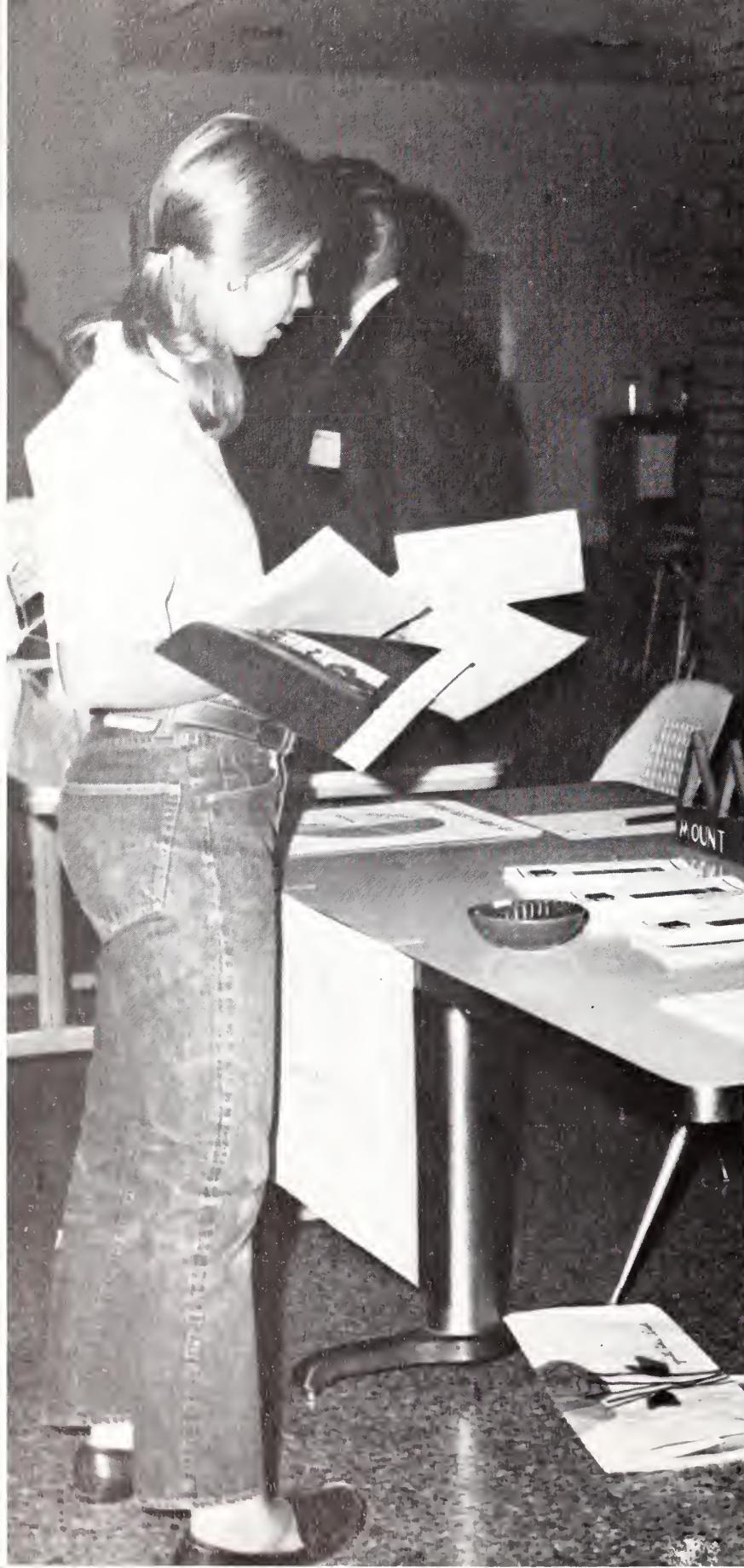
Keep It Like Woodstock



After Us, the Deluge

Determination and stamina are historically known characteristics of great leaders, let us say no less for ours. "Carry On!" we cried and they did; to the Keg, then to the Nu Gnu, up to, the second floor, back down to the first and on and on and on . . . We can't forget though that for someone to assert effort towards progress and against stagnation he has to be commended, and some did get up the next morning.





Volunteer Night

Hey Frank
Yeah
What did you sign up for
Retarded Home in Jefferson County
Why
Don't ask. Let's go down to the bar





*Already knee deep into another year,
precariously balancing on a thin rope
awaiting the fall to either side.*



A month past sounds my redundancy of resolutions.

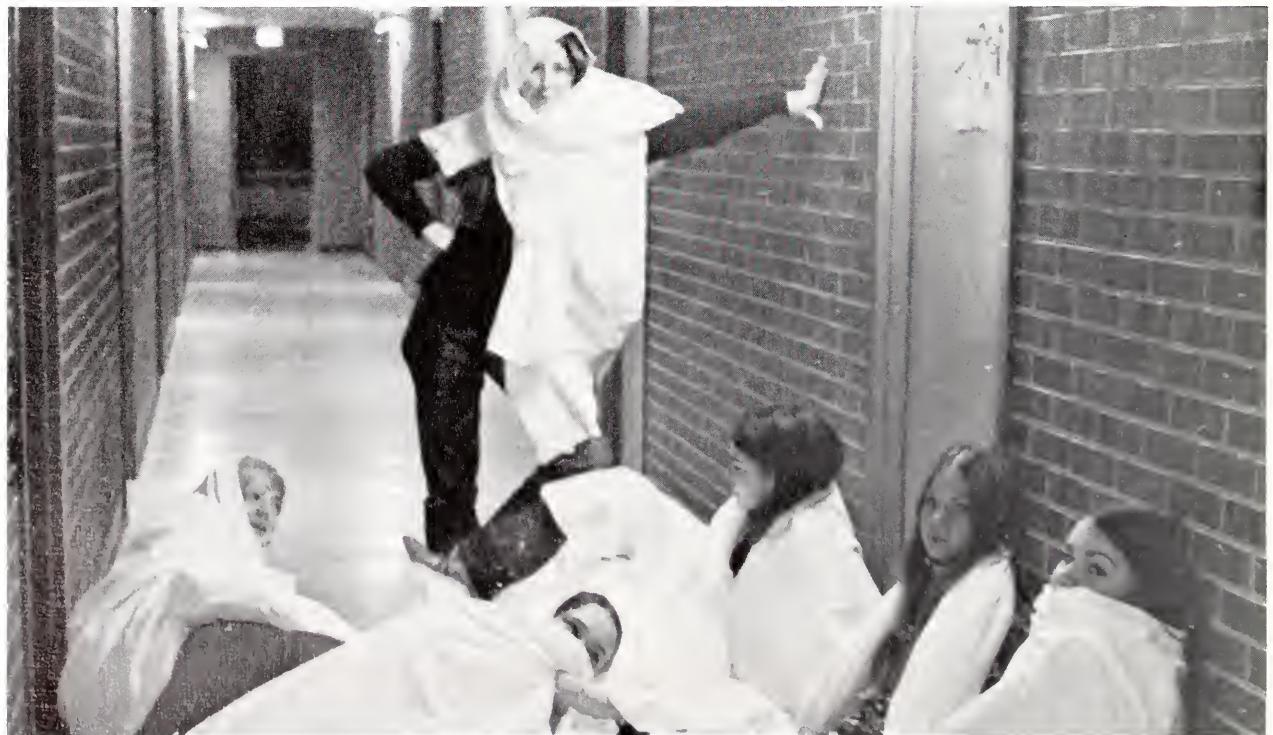
"I'm not going to waste another year this year. This year I'm really going to assert myself, I'm going to study, get good grades this year..."



*Already the futility of its strikes,
but if I could only look everything right in the face . . .
I know I've been the inflictor of my blindness,
but if I look any closer, I'll have to decide.*

That seems too hard, too alone.

De Smet







Carroll Hall





O'Connell Hall







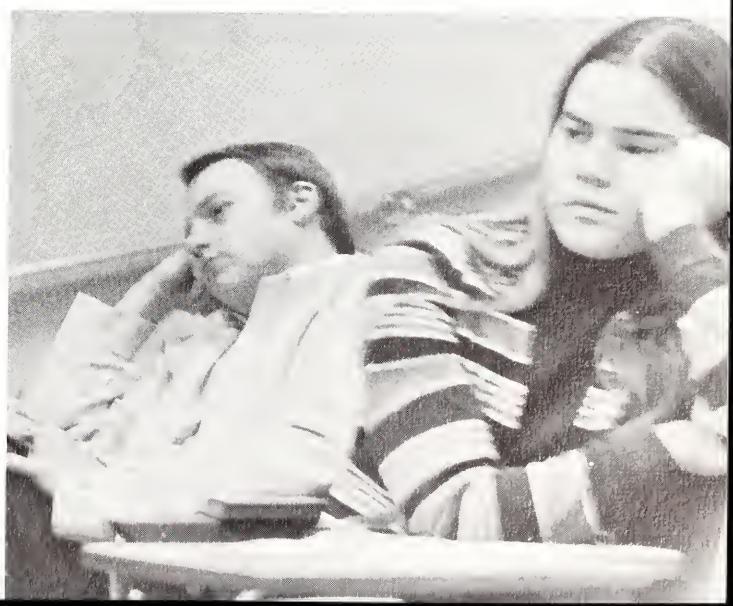
Charley's Aunt







G. A.

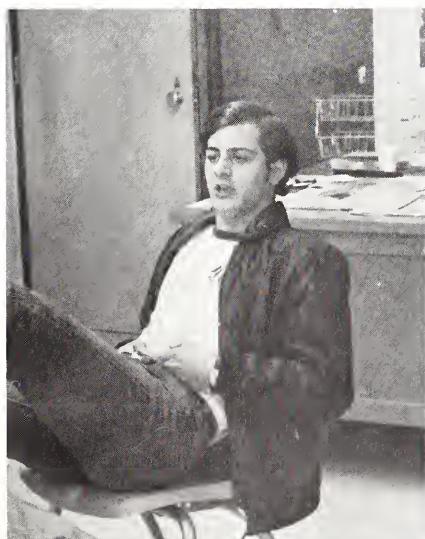
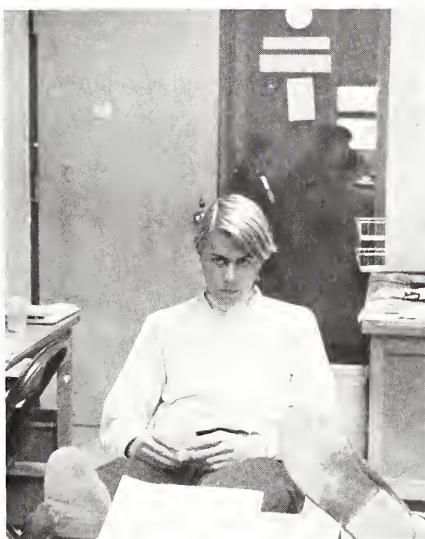


A thousand clowns.
—p. fleming

Exec Board

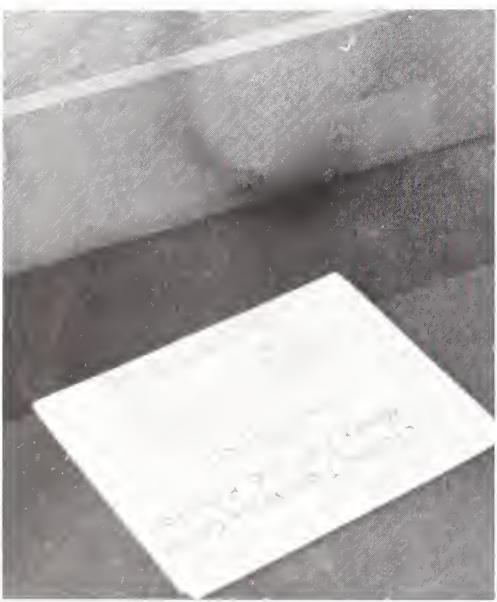
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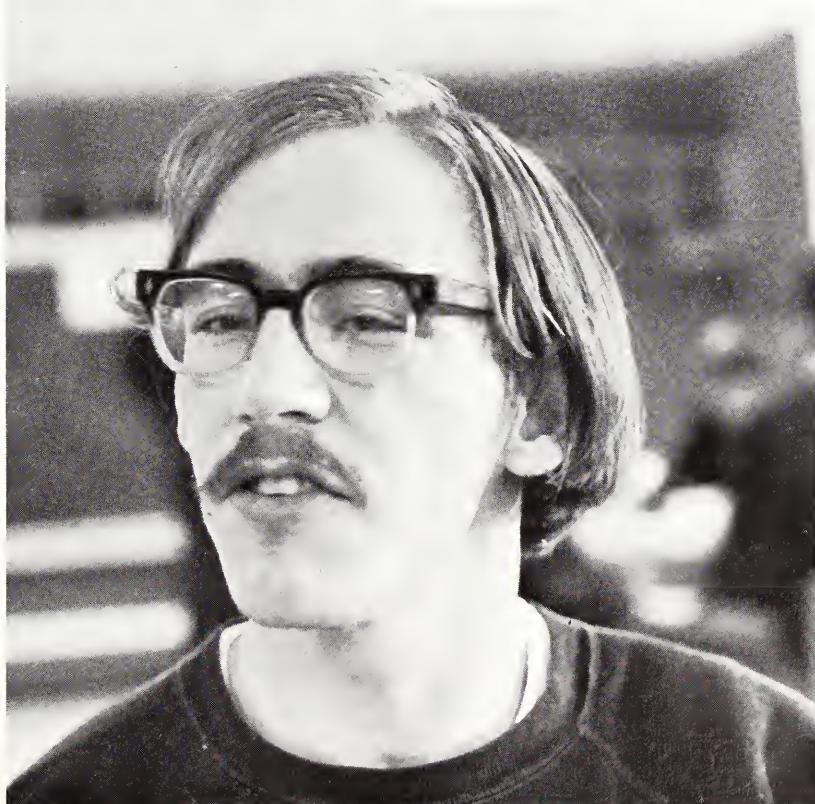
Well, I think they try hard, but
how much can seven guys do?

"Alice is a fink."

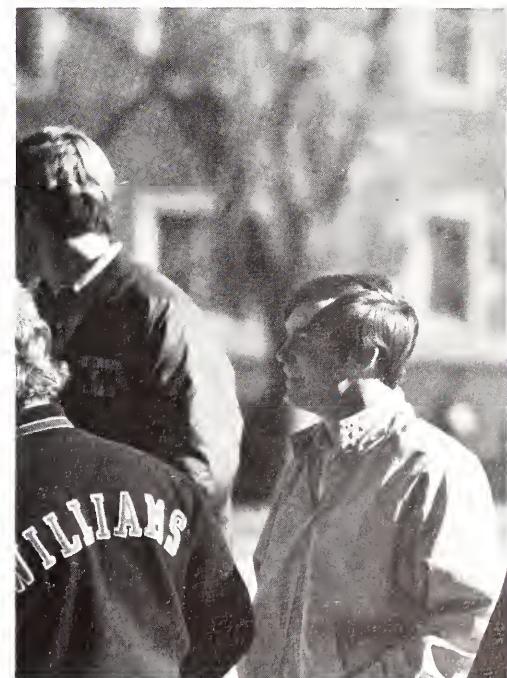


*a moment suffering dejection
after hours contesting rejection
continually through unending subjection
unceasingly pleading for promise, promised perfection*





*wishing, straining, aching, paining, nothing
"He's an ass. He really is such a . . ."*



To oppose Fascism, we need neither heavy armaments nor bureaucratic apparatuses. What we need above all is a different way of looking at life and human beings. My dear friends, without this different way of looking at life and human beings, we shall ourselves become Fascists.

—Silone

I am not really interested in "education" as a subject. What moves me more are the problems of the young. At best, questions about education should be treated topically: as a way of living with the present, of making do. But there is something beyond that too, a way of looking at men and women, a visionary expectation that keeps us seeking the most human ways of making do. But the most human ways of making do these days have little to do with our rhetoric about the public schools, and we forget in the midst of it what we really owe the young.

But knowing what we owe them means knowing what is going on, and it is hard to get a fix on that. Whatever happens is shrouded in folds of propaganda and rhetoric, abstraction and fantasy. Revolution, Repression, The Age of Aquarius, The Counter-Culture, Law and Order, The Great Society, The Death of Reason, The Psychedelic Revolution . . . It goes on and on—a vast illusion comprised of banners and winking neon meanings that fog the frantic soup in which we swim: the mixture of innocent yearning and savagery, despair and exhilaration, the grasping for paradise lost, paradise *now*, the reaching for a sanity that becomes, in frustration a new kind of madness.

If this is not the kingdom of apocalypse, it is at least an apocalyptic condition of the soul. We want the most simple human decencies, but in our anguish we are driven to extremes to find them. We reach blindly for whatever offers solace. We yearn more than ever for some kind of human touch and seem steadily less able to provide it. We drift in our own confusion, chattering about the "future": at once more free and more corrupt, more liberated and bound, than any others on the face of the earth.

CHILDREN OF



THE APOCALYPSE



In the midst of it, adrift, the young more than ever seem beautiful but maimed, trying against all odds to salvage something from the mess. With daring and luck many seem to survive, and some few thrive, but too many others—more than we imagine—already seem destined to spend their lives wrestling with something very close to psychosis. Despite all our talk we have not adequately gauged their suffering. Theirs is a condition of the soul that marks the dead end of the beginnings of America—a dreadful anomaly in which one loses all access to others and the self: a liberation that is simultaneously the most voluptuous kind of freedom and an awful form of terror.

Merely to touch in that condition, or to see one another, or to speak honestly is to reach across an immense distance. One struggles with the remnants of a worldview so pervasive, so perverse, that everyone must doubt whether it is possible to see anything clearly, say it honestly, or enter it innocently. The tag ends of two dozen different transplanted foreign cultures have begun to die within us, have already died, and the young have been released into what is perhaps the first true "American" reality—one marked, above all, by the absence of any coherent culture.

The problem is not merely that the "system" is brutal and corrupt, nor that the war has revealed how savage and cynical a people we are. It is, put simply, that "social reality" seems to have vanished altogether. One finds among the young a profound and befuddled sense of loss—as if they had been traumatized and betrayed by an entire world. What is released and space for some is for the others a constant sense of separation and vertigo—a void in which the self can float or soar but in which one can also drift unmoored and fall; and when one falls, it is forever, for there is nothing underneath, no

culture, no net of meaning, nobody else.

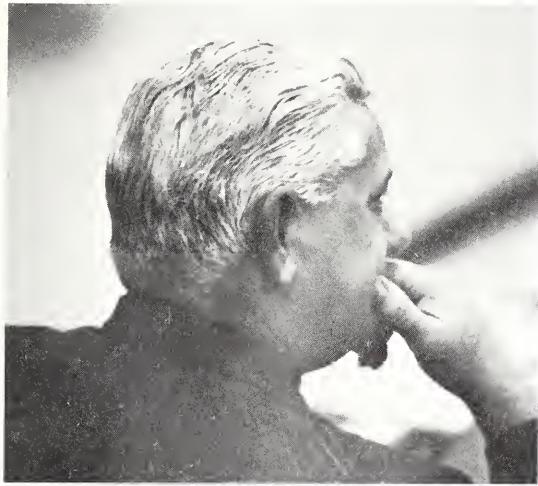
That is, of course, what we have talked about for a century: the empty existential universe of self-creation. It is a condition of the soul, an absolute loss and yearning for the world. One can become anything—but nothing makes much sense. Adults have managed to evade it, have hesitated on its edges, have clung to one another and to institutions, to beliefs in "the system," to law and order. But now none of that coheres, and the young seem unprotected by it all, and what we have evaded and even celebrated in metaphor has become, for a whole generation, a kind of daily emotional life.



The paradox, of course, is that the dissolution of culture has set us free to create almost anything—but it also deprived us of the abilities to do it. Strength, wholeness, and sanity seem to be functions of relation, and relation, I think is a function of culture, part of its intricate web of approved connection and experience, a network of persons and moments that simultaneously offer us release and bind us to the lives of others. One “belongs” to and in culture in a way that goes beyond mere politics or participation, for belonging is both simpler and more complex than that: an immersion in the substance of community and tradition, which is itself a net beneath us, a kind of element in which men seem to float, protected.

That is, I suppose, what the young have lost. Every personal truth or experience puts them at odds with the “official” version

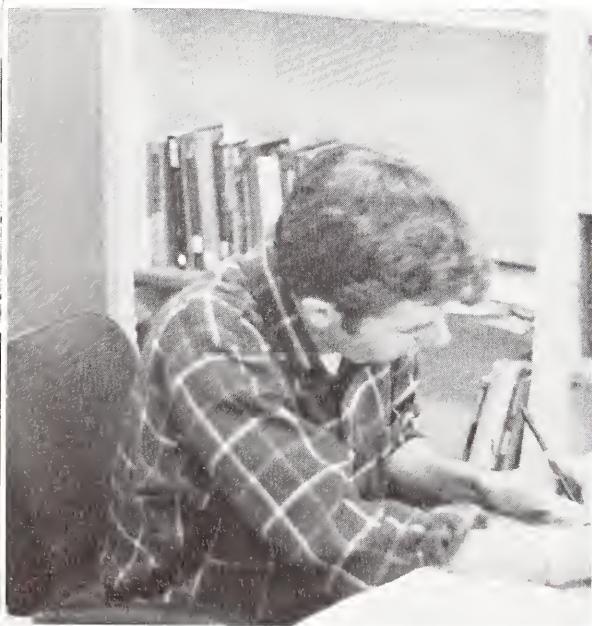
of things. There is no connection at all between inner truth and what they are demanded and rewarded is a kind of absolute lie, a denial of their confusion and need. The “drifting free” is the sense of distance; it is distance—not a “generation” gap, but the huge gulf between the truth of one’s own pain and the world’s empty forms. Nothing supports or acknowledges them, and they are trapped in that gulf, making the best of things, making everything up as they go along. But that is the most basic and awful task of all, for it is so lonely, so dangerous, so easily subverted, so easily swayed. The further along one gets the more alone one is, the more fragile and worried, the deeper into the dark. It is there, of course, that one may need help from adults, but adults have not talent for that at all; we do not admit to being in the dark—how, then, can we be of any use?



If all this is so, what sense can one make of the public schools? They are stiff, unyielding, microcosmic versions of a world that has already disappeared. They are, after all, the state's schools, they do the state's work, and their purpose is the preservation of things as they were. Their means are the isolation of ego and deflection of energy. Their main structural function is to produce in the young a self-delusive "independence"—a system of false consciousness and need that actually renders them dependent on institutions and the state. Their corrosive role-playing and demand systems are so extensive, so profound, that nothing really human shows through—and when it does, it appears only as frustration, exhaustion, and anger.

That, of course, is the real outrage of the schools: their systematic corruption of the relations among persons. Where they should be comrades, allies, equals, and even lovers, the public schools make them "teacher" and "student"—replaceable units in a mechanical ritual that passes on, in the name of education, an "emotional plague"; a kind of ego and personality that has been so weakened, so often denied the experience of community or solitude, that we no longer understand quite what these things are or how to achieve them.

Whatever one's hopes or loves, each teacher is engaged daily in that same conspiracy to maim the young. But I am talking here about more than the surface stupidities of attendance requirements, grades or curriculum. Those can be changed and updated. But what seems truly untouchable is what lies behind and beneath them: the basic irredeemable assumptions about what is necessary, human, or good; the treatment of the person, time, choice, energy, work, community, and pleasure. It is a world-view so monolithic and murderous that it becomes a part of us even while we protest against it.



pus, and, beyond all that, what we mean by "schooling," and how we had been possessed by it. I knew that whatever I answered would be senseless and oppressive, for no matter how I disclaimed my role, whatever I said would restore it. So I stood there instead in silence, aware that what I had taken lightly to be mad was indeed mad, and that one could never, while there, break through those roles into anything real.

Well, almost never. The most human acts I have ever found in our colleges and high schools are the ones most discouraged, the surreptitious sexuality between teachers and students. Although they were almost always cramped and totally exploitative, they were at least some kind of private touch. I used to imagine that one fine afternoon the doors of all offices would open wide with a trumpet blast, and teachers and students would dance hand in hand in total golden nakedness on the campus lawns in a paroxysm of truth. In a sense, what I imagined then is close to what sometimes happens more realistically in the student strikes and demonstrations. One finds in the participants a sense of exhilaration and release, a regained potency and a genuine transformation of feeling: the erotic camaraderie of liberation. There is an immense and immediate relief at the cessation of pretense. It is one's role, as well as the rules which is transgressed, and one somehow becomes stronger, more real—and suddenly at home.

But that doesn't happen often, and usually only in the colleges, and the young are left elsewhere and almost always to suffer in silence the most destructive effect of the schools—not their external rules and structure, but the ways in which we internalize them and falsify ourselves in order to live with them. The state creeps in and gradually occupies us; we act and think within its forms; we see through its eyes and it speaks through our mouths—and how, in that situation, can the young learn to be alive or free.

I remember returning one fall to a state college in California after a summer in the mountains. I had been with my friends, writing, walking, making love—all with a sense of quietude. That first day back I felt as I always did on campus, like a sly, still undiscovered spy. After all, what was it to me? I walked into my first class and began my usual pitch: They would grade themselves, read what they wanted or not at all, come to class or stay home. It was theirs to choose—their learning, their time, their space. But they were perplexed by that. Was it some kind of trick? They began to question me, and finally one of them asked, "But what can we do if we don't know what you want?"

It was a minimal satori. I could not speak. What ran through my mind was not only the absolute absurdity of the question but the lunacy of our whole charade: the roles we played, the place we met, the state's mazelike building, the state's giantesque



We try. We open the classroom a bit and loosen the bonds. Students use a teacher's first name, or roam the small room, or go ungraded, or choose their own texts. It is all very nice; better, of course, than nothing at all. But what has it got to do with the needs of the young? We try again. We devise new models, new programs, new plans. We innovate and renovate, and beneath it all our schemes always contain the same vacancies, the same smells of death, as the schools. One speaks to planners, designers, teachers, and administrators; one hears about schedules and modules and curricular innovations—new systems. It is always "materials" and "technique," the chronic American technological vice, the cure that murders as it saves. It is all so smug, so progressively right—and yet so useless, so far off the track. One knows there is something else altogether: a way of feeling, access to the soul, a way of speaking and embracing, that lies at the heart of all yearning or wisdom or real revolution. It is that, precisely, that has been left out. It is something the planners cannot remember: the living tissue of community. Without it, of course, we shrivel and die, but who can speak convincingly about that to those who have never felt it?

I remember talking to one planner about what one wants from others.

"Respect," he said, "And their utmost effort."

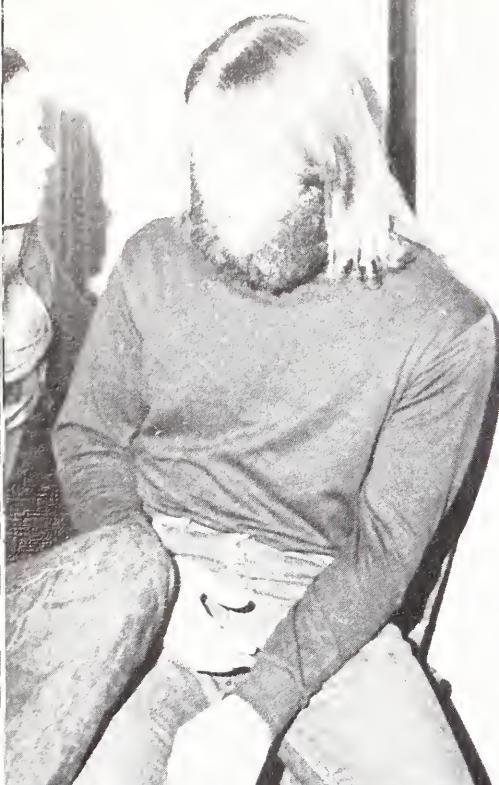
"But all I want," I said, "is love and a sense of humor."

His eyes lit up. "I see," he said. "You mean positive feedback."

Positive feedback. So we debauch our own sweet nature. I don't want positive feedback, nor do the young. What they need is so much more important and profound—not "skills" but qualities of the soul; daring, warmth, wit, imagination, honesty, loyalty, grace, and resilience. But one cannot be taught those things; they cannot be programmed into a machine. They seem to be learned instead, in activity and communion—in the *adventurous presence of other real persons*.

But there is no room in the schools for that. There is no real hope of making room there. Those who want to aid the young must find some other way to do it. Yes, I know, that is where most of the young still are. I can hear the murmurs protesting that only the demented, delinquent, or rich can go elsewhere. But that is just the point. This is the monolithic system of control that must be broken. We have wasted too much time and energy on the state's schools, and we have failed to consider or create alternatives. Now it is time to cut loose from the myth. We must realize once and for all that, given the real inner condition of the young, the state's schools are no place to try to help them.





But if that is the case, my friends ask, what *do* you do? I have no easy answers. There are cultural conditions for which there are no solutions, turnings of the soul so profound and complex that no system can absorb or contain them. How would one have "solved" the Reformation? Or first-century Rome? One makes adjustments and accommodations, one dreams about the future and makes plans to save us all, but in spite of all that, because of it, what seems more important are the private independent acts that become more necessary every day: the ways we find as *private persons* to restore to one another the strengths we should have now—whether to make the kind of revolution we need or to survive the repression that seems likely.

What I am talking about here is a kind of psychic survival: our ability to live decently beyond institutional limits and provide for our comrades enough help to sustain them. What saves us as men and women is always a kind of witness: the quality of our own acts and lives. This is the knowledge, of course, that institutions bribe us to forget, the need and talent for what Kropotkin called "mutual aid"—the private assumption of responsibility for others.

I remember talking one evening with a student who was arguing the need for burning things down. Her face was a stiff, resisting mask of anger and grief.



"But what else," she said, "can I do?"

I wasn't sure. "Try to get to the bottom of things. Try to see clearly what must be done."

"But when I see clearly," she said, "I freak out."

"That's why we need friends," I said.

"But I have no friends."

And she began to cry. That is it precisely. How does one really survive it? There is nothing for such pain save to embrace it, to heal it with warmth, with one's own two hands. One comes to believe that what each of us needs is an absolute kind of lover—not for the raw sex, but for what is sometimes beneath and intrinsic to it: a devoted open presence to perceive, acknowledge, and embrace what we are.

That is the legitimacy which comes neither from the ballot nor the gun, a potency, resilience, and courage that one can learn only by feeling at home in the world. But how can the young feel that? There are few such lovers, and the other old ways are gone. Once upon a time one had a lived relation to culture, or place, or the absolute. But God has vanished and the culture is tattered and savage and "place" has become the raw, empty suburb or the ghetto.



What else is left? Not much. Only others: those adrift in the same dark, one's brothers and sisters, comrades and lovers—the broken isolate bits of a movable kingdom, an invisible “community” that shares, inside, a particular fate. It is only in their eyes and arms, in their presence and affection, that one becomes real, is given back, and discovers the extent of one's being.

What are we talking about here are really acts of love, the gestures by which one shares with others the true dimension and depth of the world. Those gestures are a form of revelation, for they restore to others a sense of what is shared. But one can only make them when one feels free, when the space we inhabit is our own, an open environment, a “field” in which we can begin to see clearly, act freely—and be real.

I know that this is shaky ground. How can one explain what one means by real? It is experiential and subjective: a quality and condition of some kind of deeply inhabited moment. We talk about ecstasy and ego—death and peak experience, but those seem equally imperfect ways of describing the experience of *being in the world*. One *is*. That is all. Our chronic sense of isolation dissolves; there is a correspondence, an identity, between inner and outer, world and world. It is a making whole; it knits together the self at the same time that the self is felt to be a part, the heart, of what surrounds it.



What it is, always, is a reclamation of our proper place in the world—and those who want to help the young must realize that that it cannot happen in the schools. Perhaps, after all, it doesn't really matter whether we transgress their limits by leaving them or while staying within them, so long as we learn to ignore them wherever we are. Can one do that while still in the state's schools? I don't think so. But perhaps some teachers want to try—and why not? Perhaps it *is* worth the effort and anguish—as long as one always remembers that one's primary obligation is not to the system, not to the state, but to the young—and not as a teacher, but as an equal and ally. That obligation—like a doctor's or lawyer's—is absolute, more important than our own comfort or job, and it can be satisfied only when one is willing to refuse, point-blank, to do anything that really damages the young—no matter who programs or asks for it. One must be willing to suspend the rules, refuse one's role, reject the system—and live instead with the young—wherever you find them—as the persons we really are. If that is impossible in the schools, then one must be willing to leave the schools and take the young, too—into the street, into one's own home—wherever we can live sensibly together.



Perhaps what schools need are "escape committees" of resistance devoted, like the draft resistance, to discovering alternatives for the young. We have plenty of working models, places such as the First Street School in New York or Berkeley's Other Ways; the "free schools" scattered on either coast; community day-care centers and ghetto storefront schools; female liberation groups; communes of all kinds; free clinics; therapeutic centers like Synanon; experimental colleges; the hard-edged courage of the Panthers and Young Lords. All of these function in different ways as an education in liberation: the attempts of people to move past institutions and do for themselves what the state does not.

Not everyone can do it, of course. It is a scary idea. Our heads are heavy with a fear of "dropping out." The institutional propaganda convinces too many of us that there is one world here and another there, and that there is some kind of illegitimate limbo where our actions dissolve in the air.

But *there* is simple private life, the life of the street, the free relations between persons, and it is only there, these days, that one can be free or real enough to serve the young. But if it is dangerous out there, it is also incredibly lovely at times, full of learning, full of freedom, and only those who have lived or traveled with the young in those open fields know just how exhilarating, if exhausting, it is.

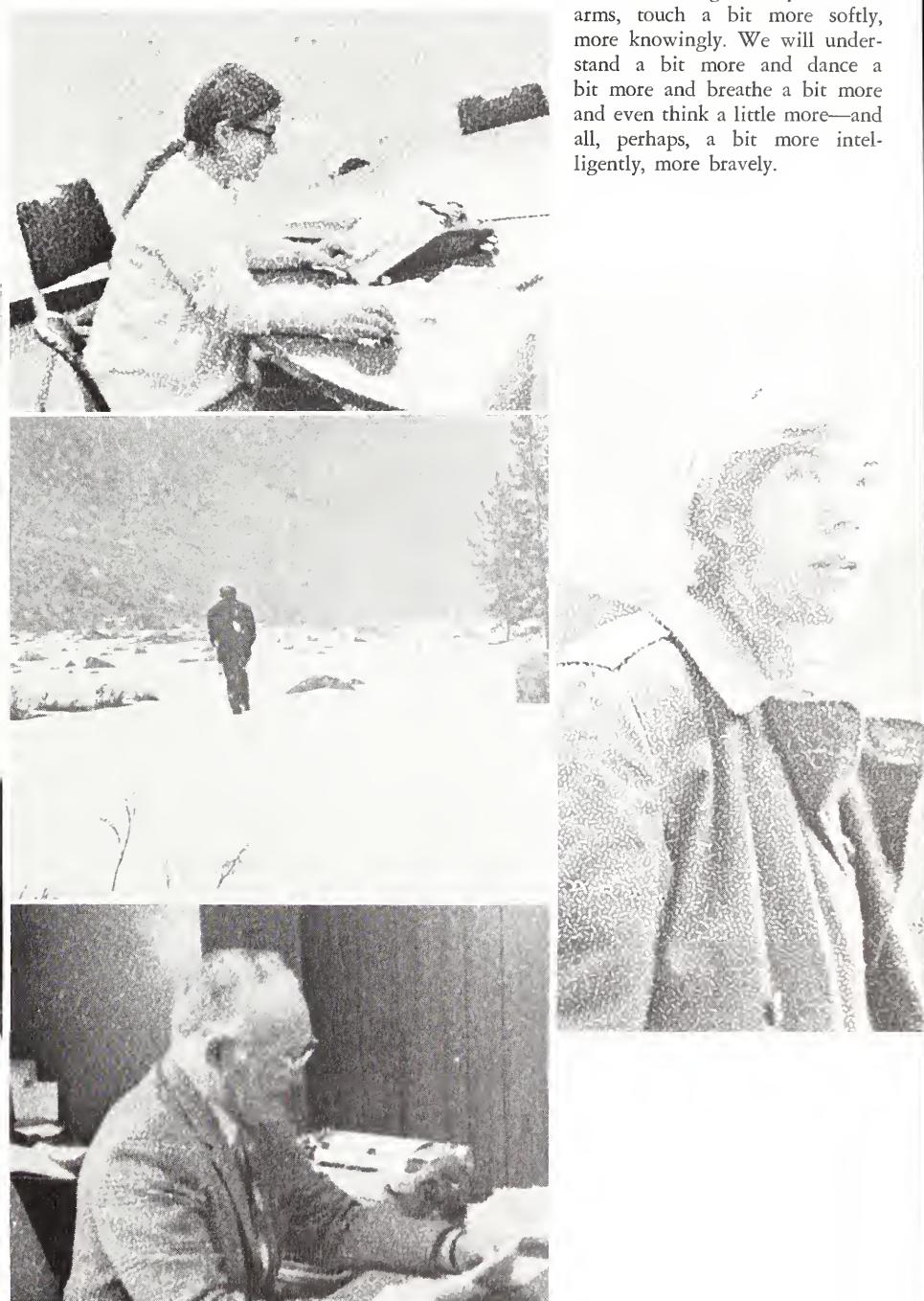
But what about the future? When I talk with my friends these days the sugarplum visions dance in their heads, and they tell me about their systems and salvations, or the dawning age of Aquarius and the new consciousness. Well, I want to believe it. But these days there is also the cop at the door with his gun, and the new mechanical men, and also something in me, the old Adam, the old father, whispering *not yet, not yet*. I remember a man I know in New York who ate nothing but bologna and cheese sandwiches, and when he broke his jaw and had to sip through a straw he dumped bologna and cheese and bread in his blender, added milk, and had his usual sandwich.



Which is to say, the future changes, but we may not. Whatever there is on the other side of this confusion will be, at best, not so different from what we already have now, on occasion, in our best moments. No new senses, no third sexes, no cosmic orgasms, no karmic rebirths. No, if we are daring and lucky, what will be "revolutionary" will simply be that more of us, all of us, will have more of a chance for a decent human life—good comrades and lovers, a few touches of ecstasy, some solitude and space, a sense of self-determination.

I once asked a student what she would do if she awoke in paradise. "Walk around," she said. "Get something to eat."

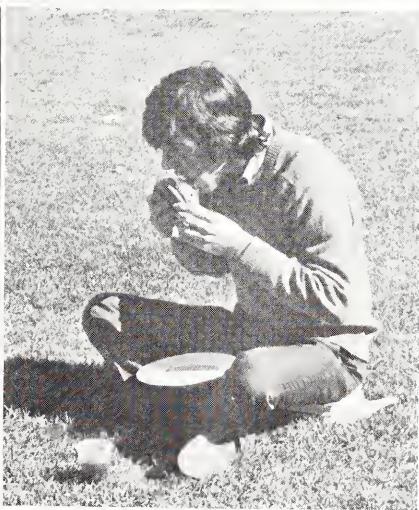
I don't have any other answer. We will do what we do now—but we will do it better. We will sit talking with friends around a table, do some decent work, hold one another guiltlessly in our arms, touch a bit more softly, more knowingly. We will understand a bit more and dance a bit more and breathe a bit more and even think a little more—and all, perhaps, a bit more intelligently, more bravely.



That isn't much, but it is also almost everything, and what we are forced to do now is learn how to do all that for ourselves. There is no one to show us how—no program, no system. One can only have such lives by trying to live them, and that is what the young are trying to do these days, all on their own, whether we help them or not. The few real teachers I know, those really serving the young, are simply those who try to live such lives in their company, as freely and humanly as they can. The rest of "education" is almost always rhetoric and nonsense.

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*But must we rage in continuance?
perhaps we sometimes stop for longer than a
short break, but the times of laughs are so
necessary for our peace of mind; our peace
of mind is so necessary.*

Soccer





"... that's a bunch of crap"

"No it isn't"

"Look if we're ever going to get anywhere we've got to start to change. Too much time, effort and money is wasted on sports. We've got to quit this emphasizing and use all that waste on things far more important."

"Well I agree we shouldn't over emphasize but let's not do away with it all together. I believe it forms a valuable part of your education and thus your makeup—participant or nonparticipant."

"I don't see how it can be valuable, outside of some entertainment—costly entertainment."

"You're overlooking one thing. Our soccer team had a 6-6 season; ok so what! But it's an improvement. Because those guys play because they like to and work hard to play well. They're just students, not athletes on scholarships."

"But it still seems a waste of effort."

"It wasn't a waste. They did everything themselves. In addition to practicing they laid the lines plus worked on the field. Why? Because to them it was worth it. To them it was good. They enjoyed it and benefited and all without scholarships or acclaim, they're students like us out for fun."

"Well I'm glad they benefited; it was such an effort to be wasted. Did they really get invited to the bowl games at University of Colorado?"





REGIS 0 — 6 AIR FORCE ACADEMY
REGIS 4 — 3 METROPOLITAN STATE
REGIS 8 — 0 ALPINE COLLEGE
REGIS 8 — 8 COLORADO COLLEGE
REGIS 8 — 0 BAPTIST BIBLE COLLEGE
REGIS 2 — 4 UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO
REGIS 5 — 0 ROCKMOUNT
REGIS 5 — 3 ALPINE COLLEGE
REGIS 0 — 4 UNIVERSITY OF DENVER
REGIS 1 — 4 UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING
REGIS 0 — 3 SCHOOL OF MINES
REGIS 2 — 1 CSU

Season record—six wins and six losses

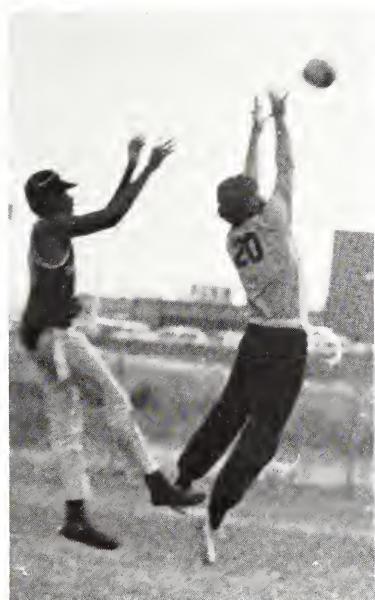
It's What Women's Lib Is All About





My Ulcer! My Nose! My Ego!









As indicated by the standings in both leagues, Intramural Football 1970 can be summed up in two words—Case and Krank. The A league saw Krank go unbeaten in seven games, with AKY finishing 5-2 as did the freshman entry, Nazgul's Raiders. The Krabs, Italian Club, PXE, and the Scratch all trailed in the A league race. The B league was not much better with Case rolling to a 6-0 record. The Royal Suns and ADG were 4-2, a few notches ahead of the Head, Motherhood, and the Old Timers.

The tournament narrowed the competition to six, and after both Nazgul's Raiders and AKY had won preliminary games, the Intramural Championship contenders had shrunk to four.

Case, which featured a powerful offense with Jack Nihill doing the throwing and Terry Steinmetz the running was held under twenty points for the only time all year in their game with AKY. The AKY brothers put up a fight, but a failure to convert the extra point spelled defeat as Case moved into the finals, 14-12.

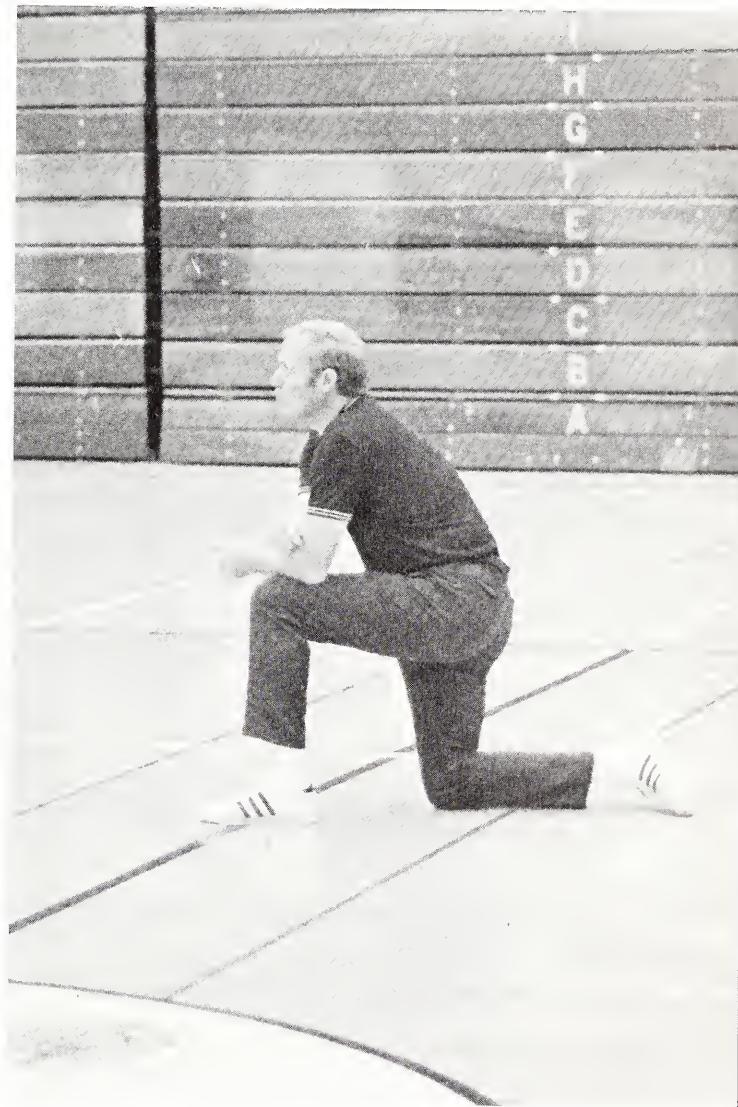
Meanwhile, Krank had little trouble with the freshmen. Jim Donaldson's strong running was enough, as the seniors whacked Nazgul's 38-14 with relative ease.

Thus the stage was set for the game everyone had waited for. A large crowd gathered despite the cold weather to watch these two arch rivals slug it out. Krank got on the scoreboard first as Joe Branconi swept left end for a four yard touchdown. Case came right back with a touchdown as Jack Nihill engineered a beautiful 65-yard drive for the score. Krank then got the game's first break as Terry Steinmetz was trapped in the end zone for a safety to vault the seniors into the lead, but Chris Whitaker took a pass from Nihill and streaked 72 yards to put Case ahead. The game continued in this fashion as neither team was able to stop the other all day long. In the fading moments of the game, after a pass from Nihill to Steinmetz had pushed the Case ahead 26-22, DeLeon Wilson intercepted a Branconi pass intended for Sandy Albrecht, killing a Krank drive and setting up another Case score. It came five plays later as Terry Steinmetz swept end for eight yards with the touchdown that put the title on ice for Case and ended the Krank dreams of winning the championship two years in a row. The final tally was 32-22 in the best game played in the intramural season.

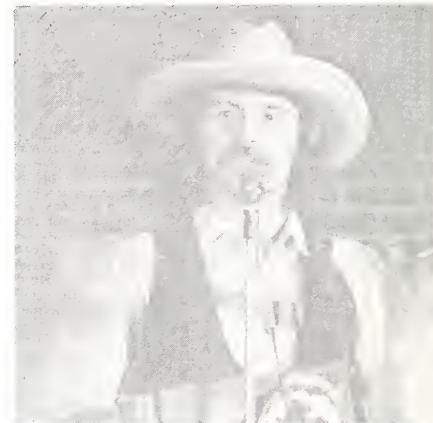
Individually, Terry Steinmetz was chosen the Most Valuable Player, and Jack Nihill was the Offensive Player of the Year. Krank was not forgotten, as Jim Kelly was picked the Defensive Player of the Year.







That's Sports—Sports . . . Courage!



The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

and Steve Martin







Off





On





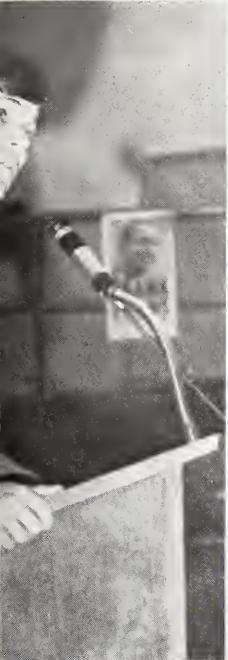
Elections 1970

well, I think he's a good man, but how
much can one person do?

get elected. sometimes.







Ho Hum . . .

yes, virginia, there is also a greatness in slumps . . .

freshman frolic dayton memorial belial mass of the holy spirit alpha delta plato mugwumps coors frank morriss friday afternoon club kings and queens monday night football academics lou kellogg mid-terms exec board just mass language lab class cuts milton leadership conference gardner's editorials five year plan pass/no pass freaks (right) yearbook marlboro mattione's concern general assembly donohoue's figures aquinas georgy's soccer finals communications student power ski lecturelecturelecture

really, (yawn)







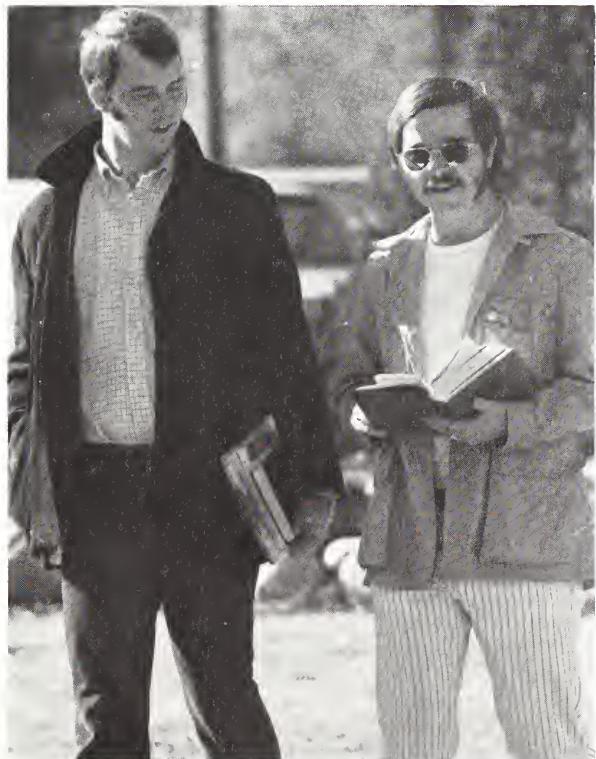
... Yawn ...



John Milton
PARADISE LOST

~~New Edition~~

Edited by Merritt Y. Hughes



... and ...

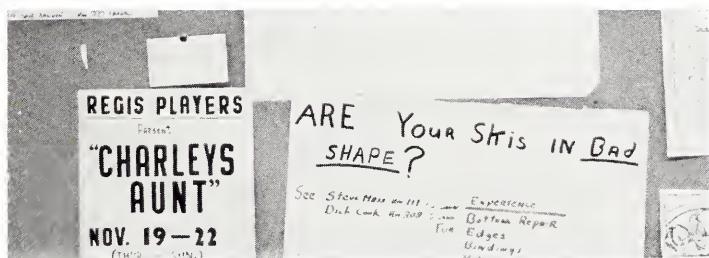
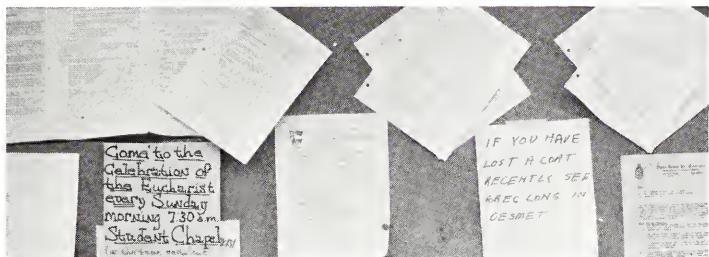


... I'm Bored.



not all efforts are scoffed at or put aside, you know . . . some are useful, even exciting

yeah sure and I'm going to bed goodnight.





Richard J. Bowles, Jr.
Chicago, Ill.



CHRISTIAN ACTION

Christian Action is concerned with building and developing the Christian spirit at Regis. Those involved organized monthly Antioch Weekends. Other various activities were initiated on and off campus, such as days and weekends of renewal, work with the poor and deprived in the Denver area, talks and informal discussions, and campus liturgy services. Christian Action serves as the center for Christian activities of all kinds, bypassing the usual complex organizational structures and rules in its personal, living spirit.



RANGER



F. Bannon, Burke McDonald, G. Dolos, Sam Scartino, Key Schram. FRONT ROW Michael Crowley, Thomas Crutcher, James Tricker, Thomas John Mission



Hockey is a constantly growing sport and here at Regis, there is no exception. The Regis hockey club, without financial assistance, has truly been one of admiration. Their opponents have certainly been formidable in the case of Arapahoe Jr. College and teams from Denver University, Colorado University, surrounding metro sponsored teams and C.S.U.

They are definitely a high-spirited group and one that hopes to carry on and build up the sport of Ice Hockey here at Regis College. The team is led by senior co-captain Steve Shields and sophomore co-captain Phil Villiaume.

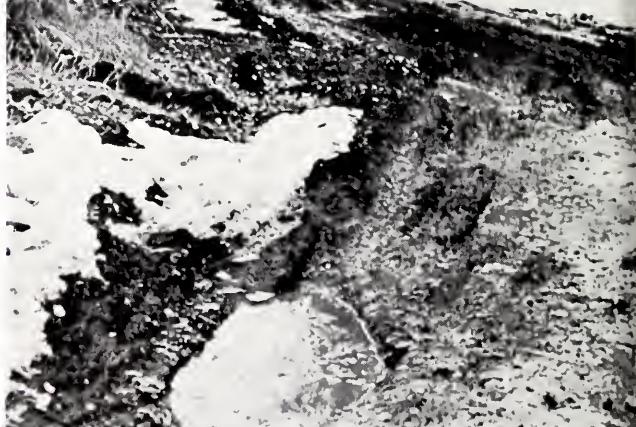


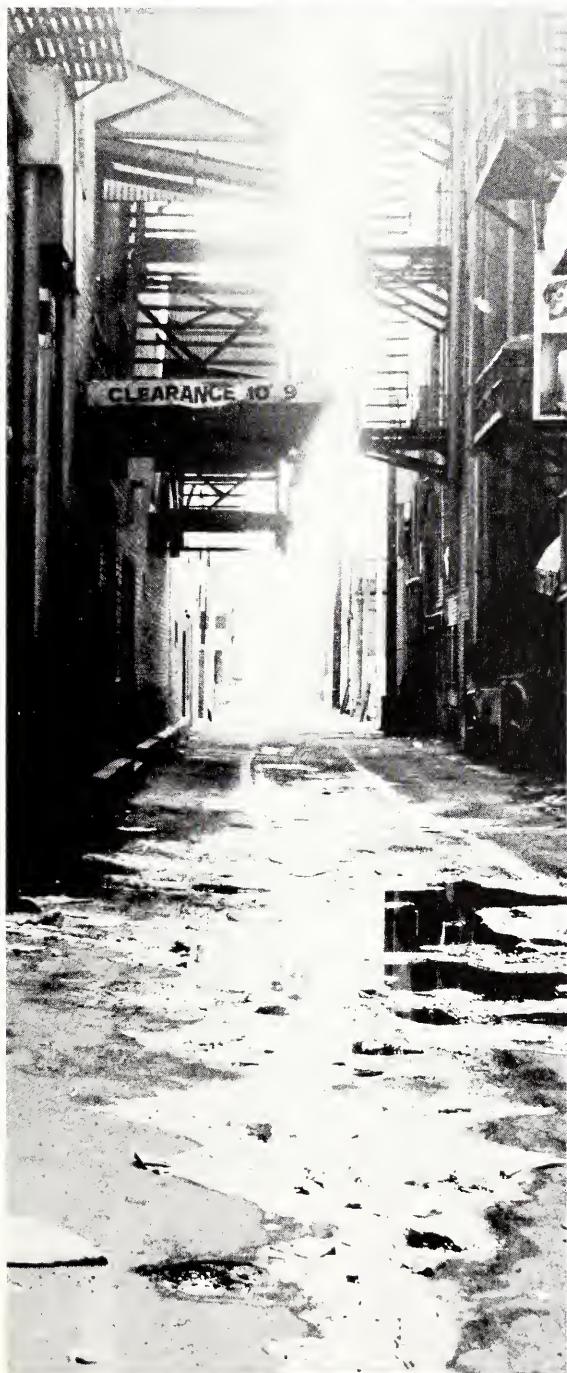
Rev. Louis G. Mattione, S.J.
Dean of Studies

The Ranger

1968

**Regis College
Denver, Colorado**





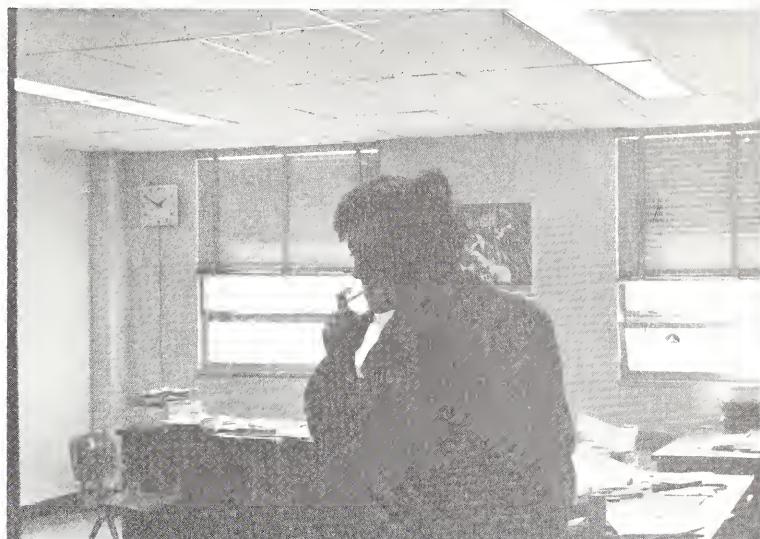
And somewhere along the way he learned.





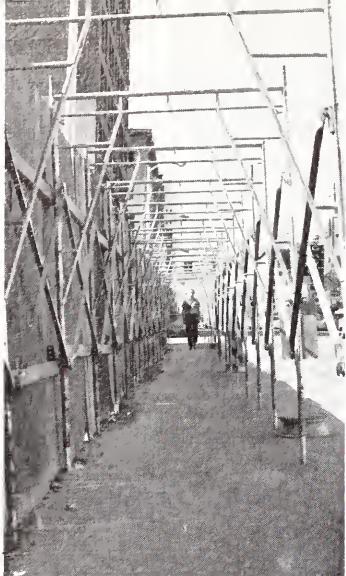
*In spite of many things he was continually a student
of these many things and he wondered ...*





... and he learned.





He learned to become once again a seeker ...



*... and he sought
others:*



*their loves,
their dreams,
themselves.*





*And he gave them himself
and he hoped in them
and his hope was a kind of desperation,
but it was everything . . .*



. . . and it was infinite.

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Mr. and Mrs
Chicago, Illi

Mr. and Mrs
Westlake, O

Mr. and Mrs
Cincinnati, C

Dr. and Mrs
Downer's G

Helen and J
Chicago, Illi

Dr. and Mrs
Glen Falls, I

Mr. and Mrs
Chicago, Illi

Mrs. Edwin
Brookfield, C

Mr. Paul Be
Kansas City,

Dr. and Mrs
Tucson, Ari

Dr. and Mrs
Elm Grove,

Mr. and Mrs
Wahoo, Ne

Mr. and Mrs
Casper, Wy

Dr. P. Del C
Chicago, Illi

Mr. and Mrs
Minneapolis

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Wheatridge

M. A. Chav
Lakewood, C

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Minneapolis

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McEncroe
Golden, C

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McGrat
Jackson H

Mr. and Mrs
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Mr. and Mrs
McNan
Tulsa, Ok

Joseph M
Wauwatos

Dr. and Mrs
Maler
St. Louis,

Mr. and Mrs
Wheatrid

Mr. and Mrs
Arvada, C



rang'er, n. l. a wanderer.

Dear readers, (who?)

Originally, I had not planned to write the editor's letter—a traditional thank-you, explanation, and, in the eyes of some, look-at-what-I've done note. However, as the last mailing date has come and gone, and still two pages remain unfinished, I suddenly feel within my soul the need for some sort of impassioned thank-you, explanation, and look-at-what-I've-done note.

First, the thank-you's. Brian Thuringer and Bob Conrad top the list. Between them they are responsible for almost every picture in this book, and some three or four hundred to spare. They managed to put up with my neurosis, disorganization, each other, a poorly equipped dark room, and an inconsistent staff. Brian's name will live immortally as the volunteer editor who asked not for the job and received little recognition for his efforts.

Next is Crudi. Mary Beth, as she is never referred to, personally turned out almost all of the quality copy, ideas, and layouts contained within. Only when the air thickened with rumors of future editorship did she move on to wiser and more beneficial projects.

Not to be forgotten is Bob Sampson, who if nothing else kept two or three idiots working all night awake with his darkroom antics and heated, 3 a.m., exchanges with unfortunate, all-night d.j.'s. Margi Gubbins, Weasel Connole, and John Sauer all came through and helped out with layouts and pictures when the request was made. Also I can't forget the upper-echelon people mentioned previously.

Now it is finished, perhaps for good. Several things are running through my mind. The future existence of the book is doubtful, and I will shed no tears if it goes. Somewhere in the past the yearbook's functionalism died. We changed this year in an attempt to regain some of that functionalism, and I do believe, if nothing else, we made a step in the right direction. It was the price of that step which proved to be too high to pay.

To those who are interested in seeing it survive as a meaningful publication, I offer this in the way of advice. Recruit a sufficient number of people who will work at least as they are needed, then seek out a person who wants the job of editor. After informing him of the duties and responsibilities that accompany the job, again assure yourself of his idiocy and desire to take the job. Then, help him as needed. Remove the responsibility for financing the book. Give him some academic credit. Do not punish him for his stupidity in trying to do the job.

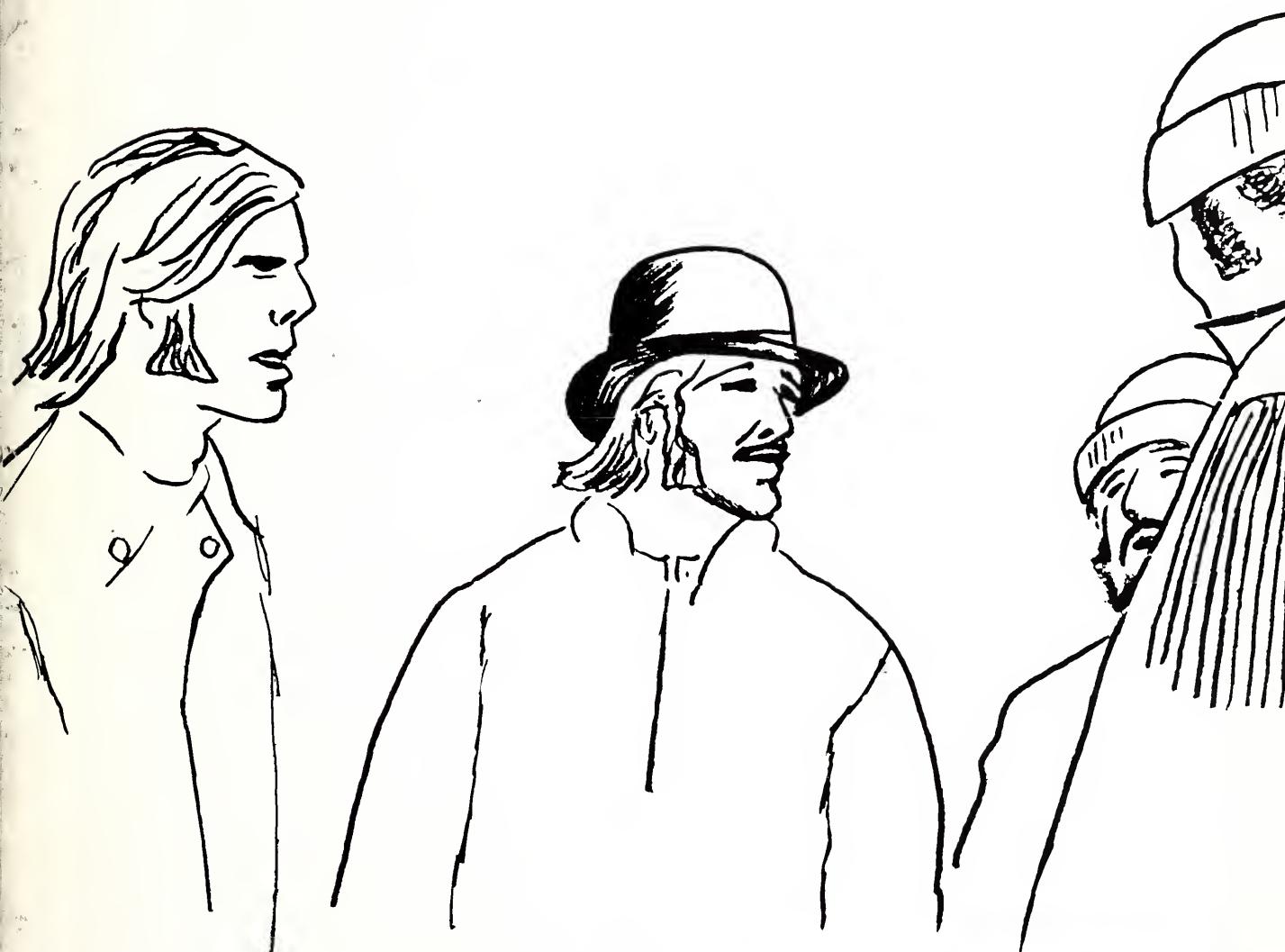
With that, my story is finished. I'm through. To any and all future yearbook crews, good luck. To any and all readers, I hope you have found this publication worth our time.

Adieu,

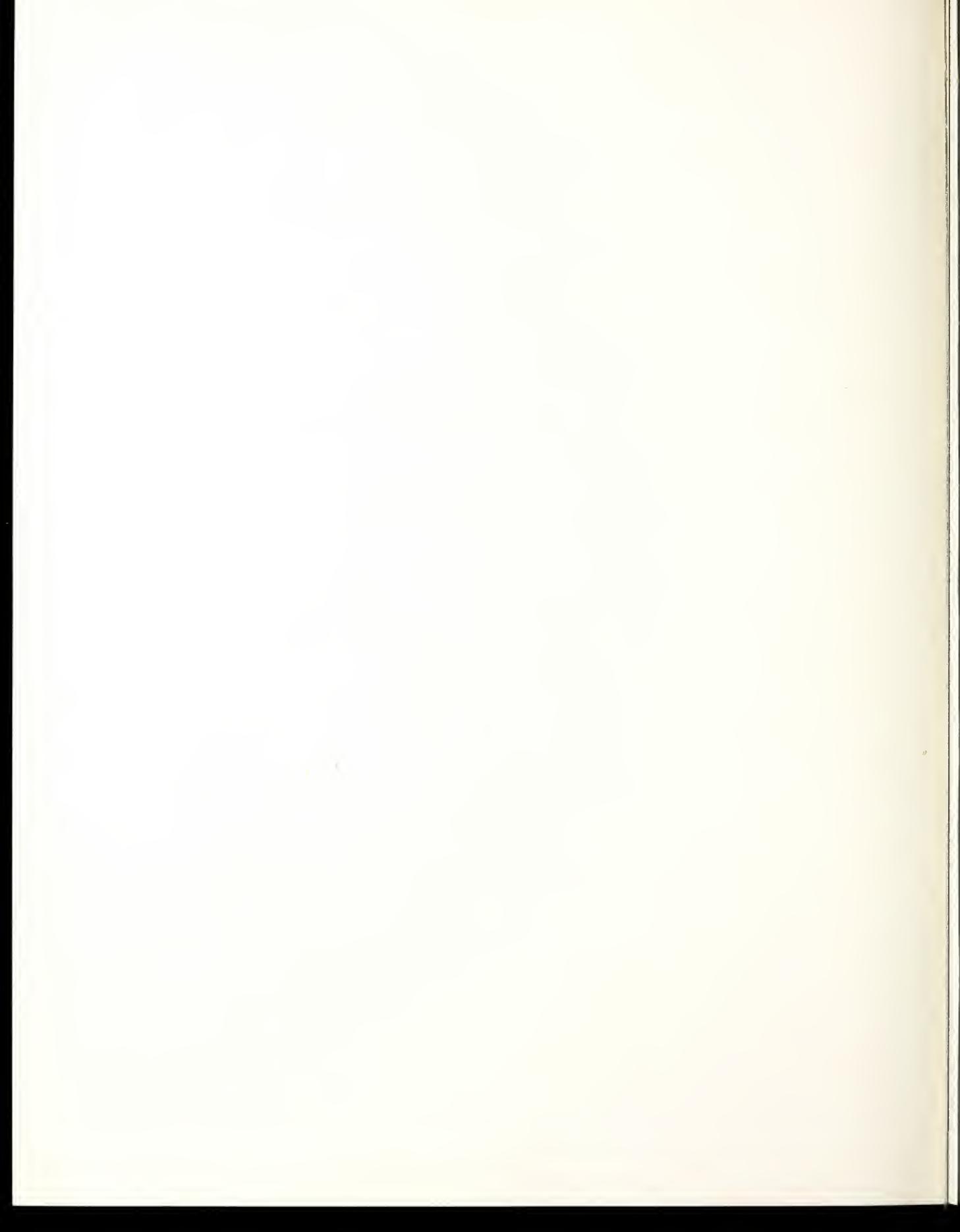
George Lauby
Editor-in-chief



Regis College Ranger Part 1 1971



II



The 1971 Second Semester Ranger, recording on these pages in word and picture the life and spirit of Regis College, hopes it takes root in the hearts of the students, faculty and friends, and in the forthcoming years that it may stimulate in the imagination enduring treasures of your most cherished campus experience.

With this in mind let us Introduce . . .

RANGER

THE MIGHTY

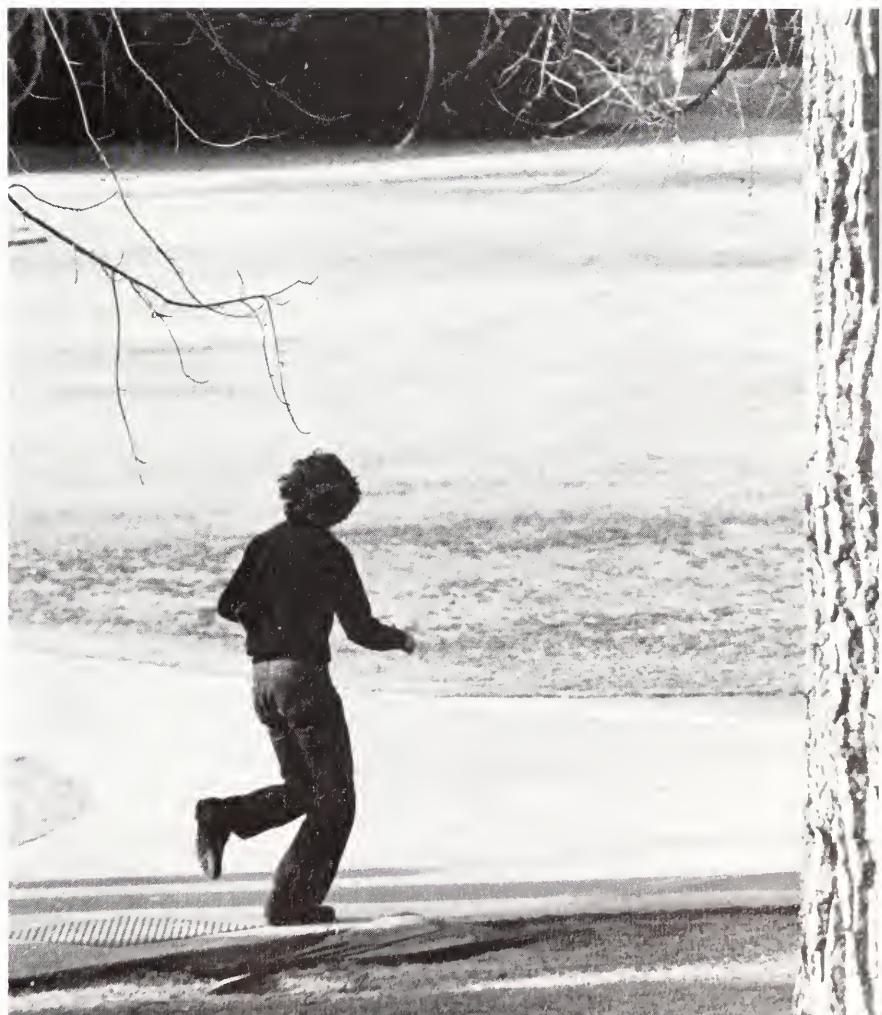
SEE:
THE
POWER
OF THE
SILENT
ONE!

SEE
WORLDS
WITHOUT
END
IN THE GRIP
OF--

INFINITY

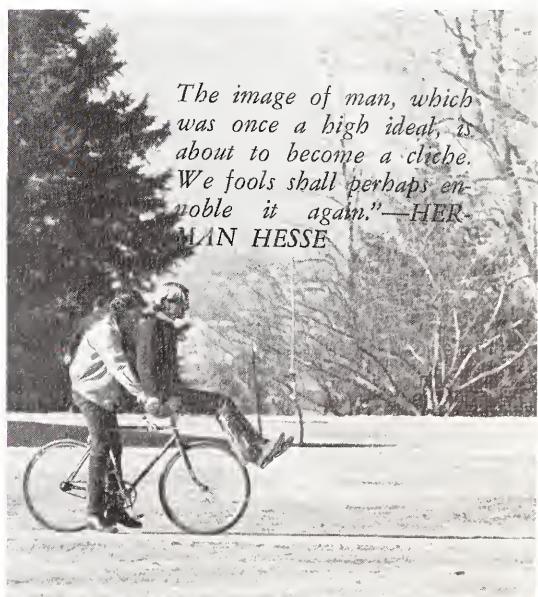






*"Yes,
said I,
what we are doing
is probably foolish
but it is necessary
nevertheless..."*



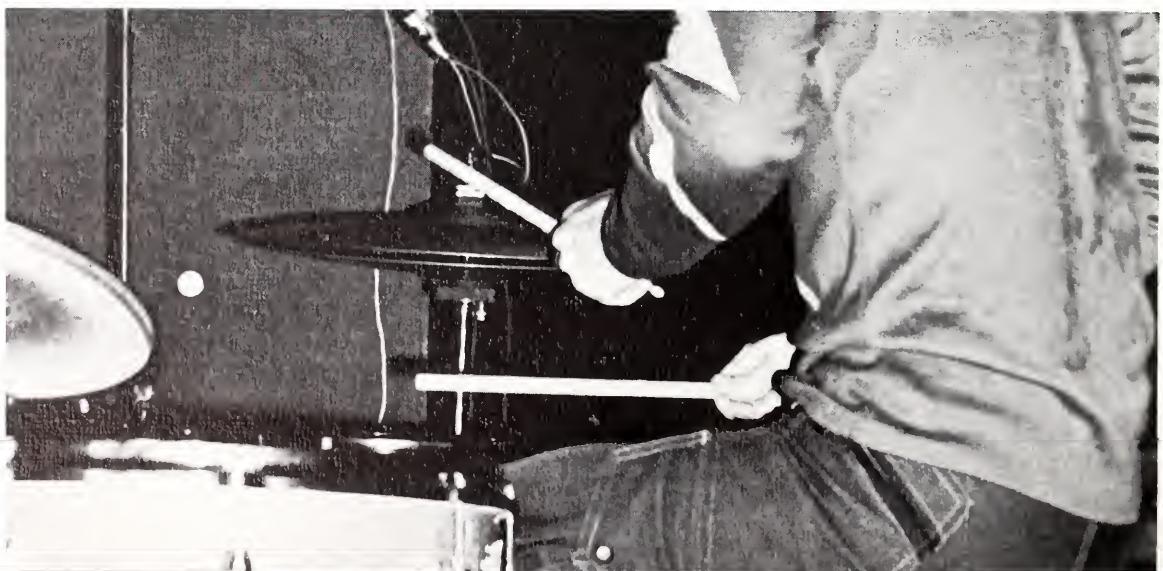


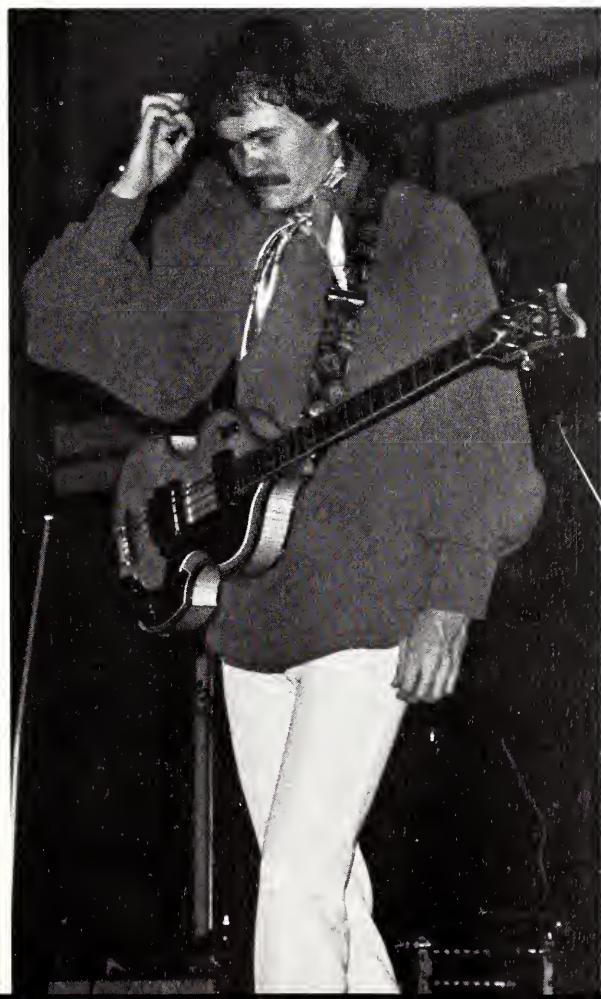


The Coronation



Ball





Bread
& Russ Kirkpatrick



Well you've cracked the sky, scrapers fill the air,
but will you keep on building higher 'til there's no more room
up there.

Will you make us laugh, will you make us cry,
will you tell us when to live, will you tell us when to die.



Oh. I know we've come a long way, we're changing day
to day.

But tell me where d' th' chldr'n play."

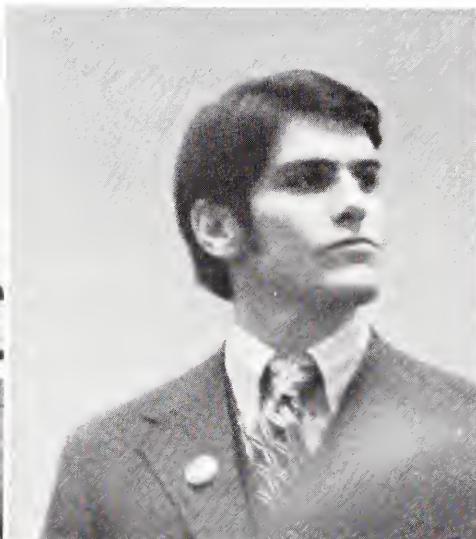
"Where d' th' chldr'n play"
Kat Stevens



"It's been our contention throughout this entire campaign, that if anything is ever to be accomplished on this campus that the student body and the executive board have to take their mutual responsibilities. I mean everybody up here, all fourteen have felt that way. It has also been our feeling as of late that this campaign and the campaign process in general has alienated us from our goal. People go to one side or the other. People for Tom will not talk to me, people for me will not talk to Tom. If we are ever to get anything done around here we better get together as human beings . . ."

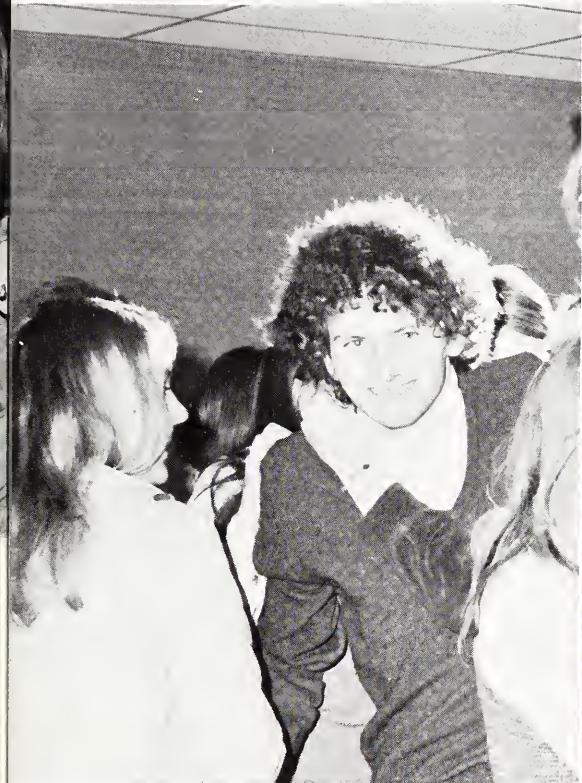
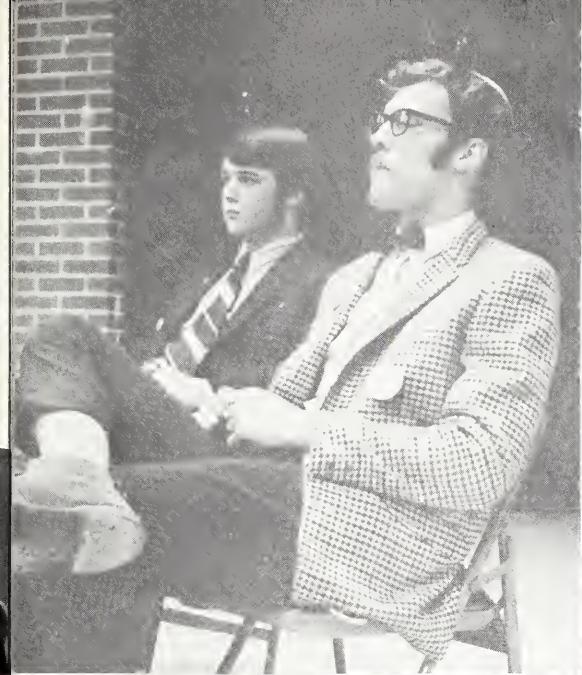
"Needless to say the last nine days have been very difficult for me to bear as well as the other thirteen people involved in this election. What we've tried to do, we've tried to go to the student body and ask them what their feelings about the election is, and what have we seen? Nothing constructive from the student body itself. No, students, we've watched you deface our posters, call us names, burn our banners and sling as much crap as you could. And now you sit out there with your crap detectors waiting for us to put a show on for you. For us, the fourteen of us, I think student government means a lot to us and without you what good are we . . ."





D.E.W. Line

25th Edition



Inaugural





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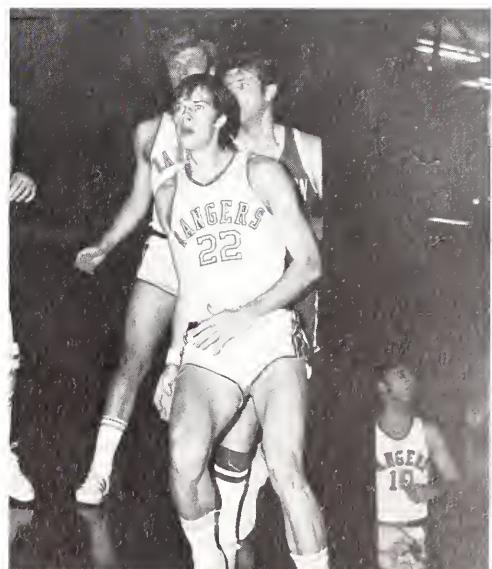
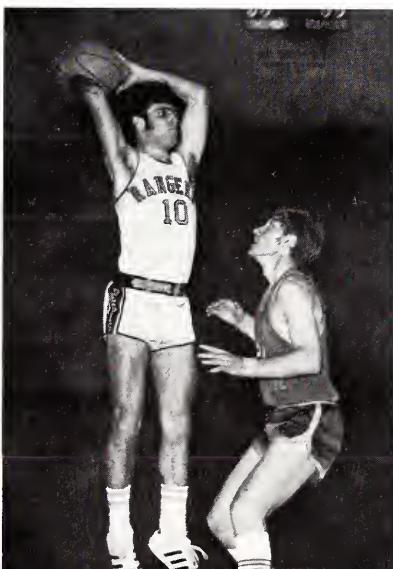
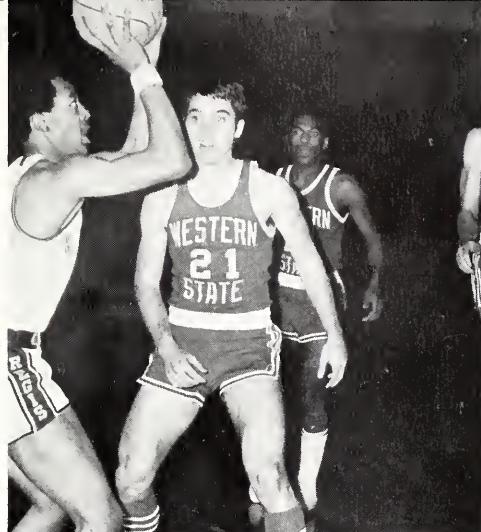


Basketball 1970-1971

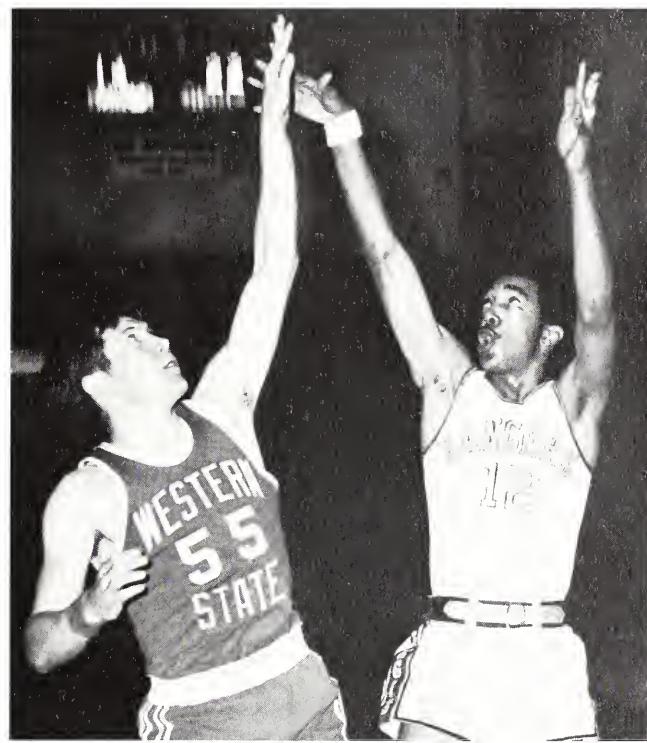
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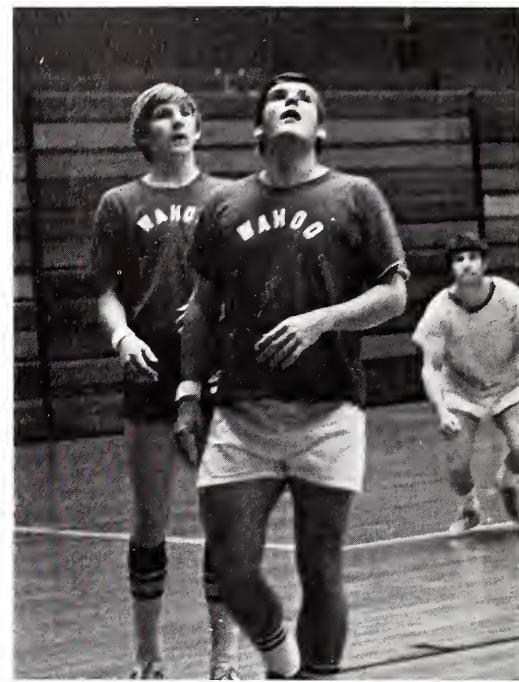


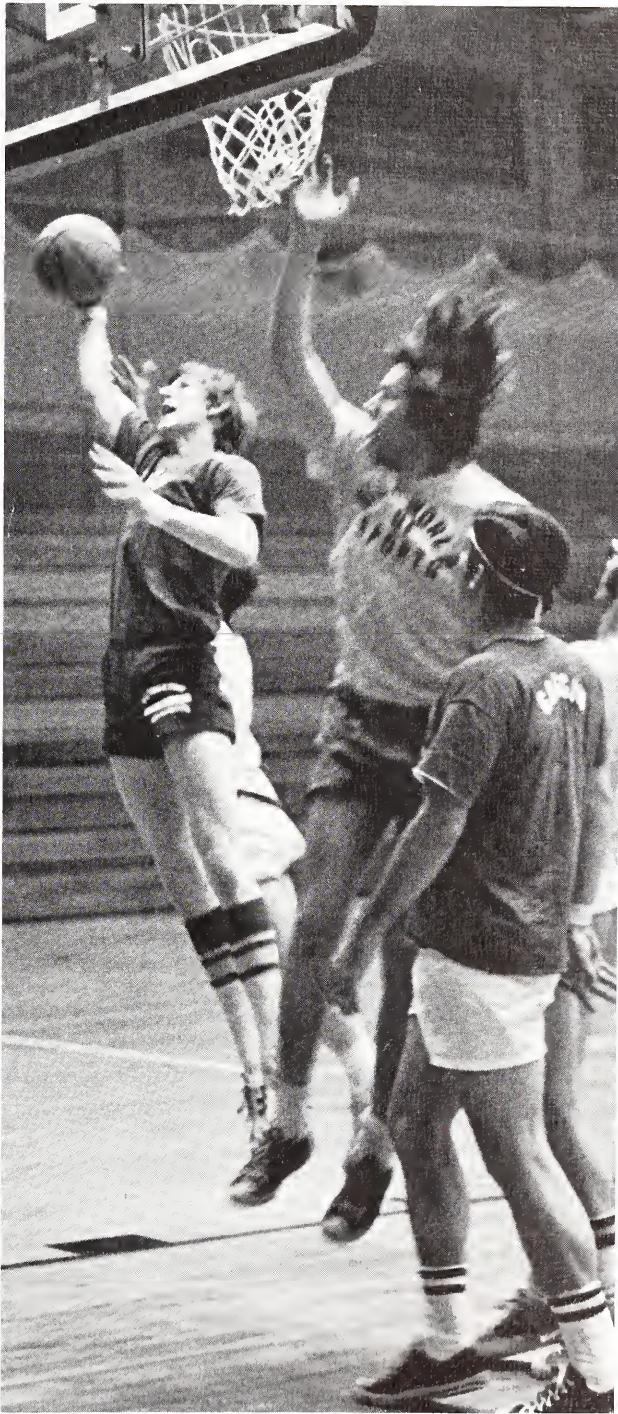


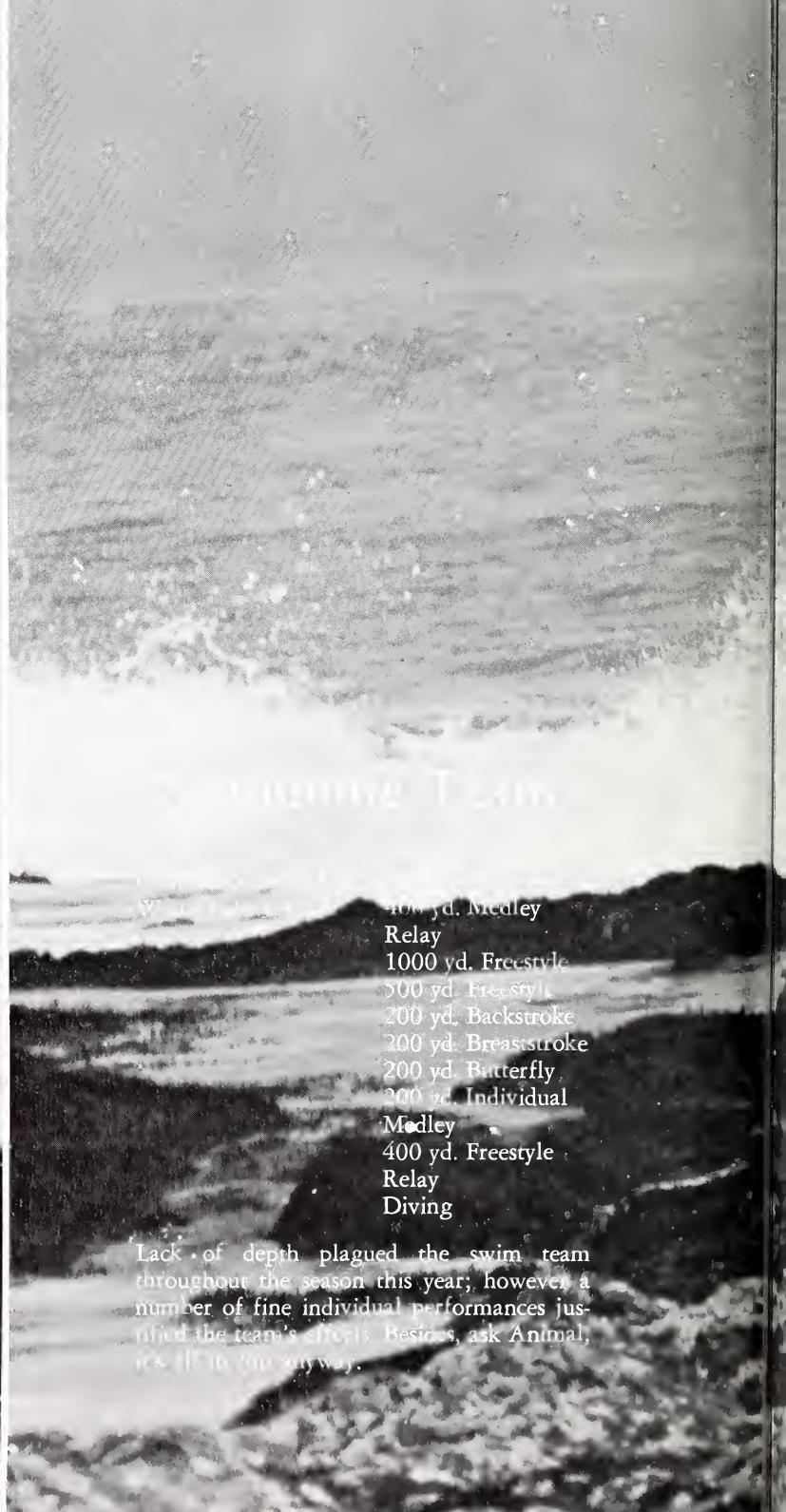
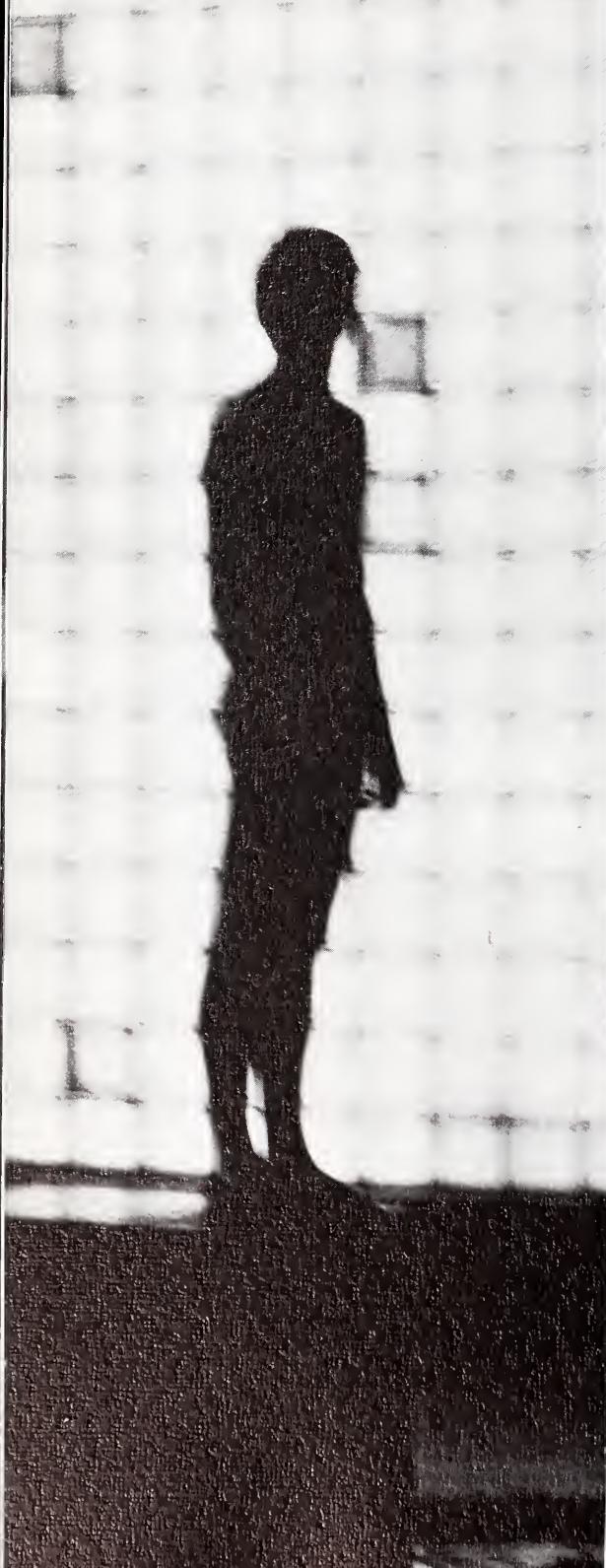




Intramural Basketball 1970-1971 Case Victory







100 yd. Medley
Relay
1000 yd. Freestyle
500 yd. Freestyle
200 yd. Backstroke
200 yd. Breaststroke
200 yd. Butterfly
200 yd. Individual
Medley
400 yd. Freestyle
Relay
Diving

Lack of depth plagued the swim team throughout the season this year; however, a number of fine individual performances justified the team's efforts. Best of all, ask Animal, it's all in the way.



"If one wishes to promote a people's culture, let him try to promote this higher unity first, and work for the destruction of the modern educative system for the sake of a true education. Let him dare to consider how the health of a people that has been destroyed by history may be restored, and how it may recover its instincts with its honour."

Nietzsche



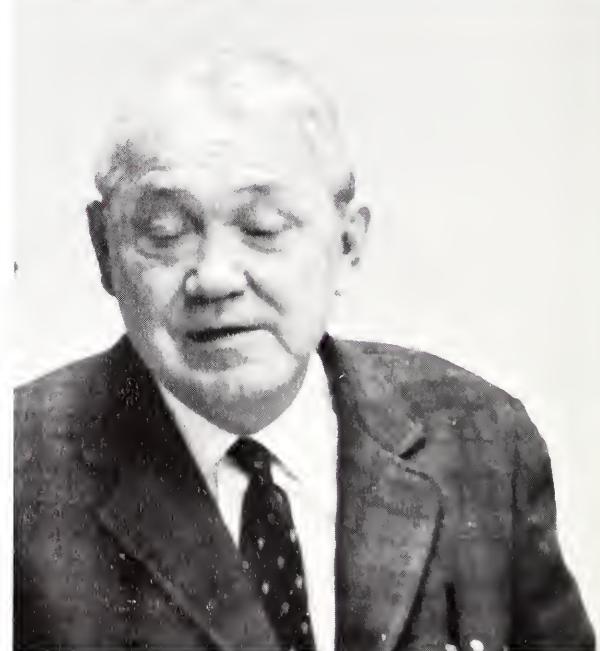




Francisco Aybar, Pianist
Affiliate Artist at the University of
Denver

"The college. . . It should not go on teaching elementary courses in obvious subjects like elementary english or elementary french or remedial reading. It should abandon, I think, repetitive American history . . . It should, I think, abandon a great many non-academic subjects like training football coaches or basketball coaches or military training of things of that kind. The college should not compete with the university or the professional school at the other end . . . You should learn how to study things, should learn the importance of intellectual discipline, should learn the problems to be studied . . . I hope the colleges will not provide endless introductions and surveys to everything so that it exposes the young to something like general culture . . . We must remember that the students learn not just in the classrooms. It is one of the basic American misunderstandings that you learn by taking certain courses, by sitting in a classroom. Students learn from each other first and foremost. The most important thing about any institution is the student body. The next most important thing is the library and the faculty but if you have a good student body you probably won't need a faculty, on the other hand if you get a good faculty, you'll get a good student body. This is a closely interrelated thing . . . We teach too many things, we teach too much, we don't put enough responsibility on the student . . ."

Henry Steele Commager
Science Amphitheatre
February 12, 1971





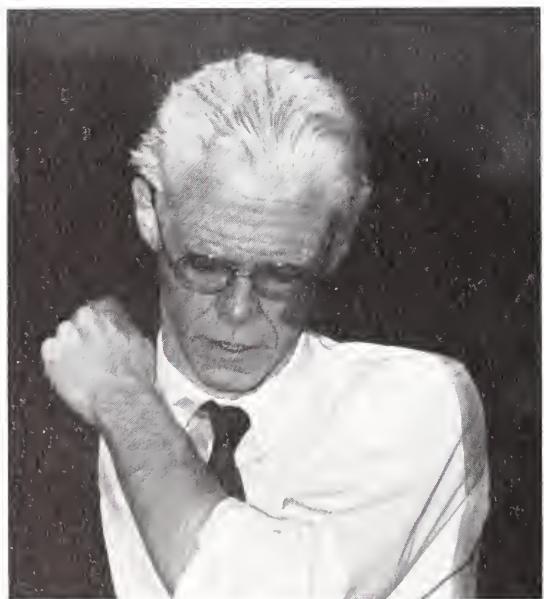
"Questioning the church's mission and seeking an answer is not only a valid undertaking, but is necessary to make any sense of the church."

Rev. Richard P. McBrien
March 18, 1971

"For the first time in human history, events happening all over the surface of the globe are objects of immediate or near-immediate attention for all men. All cultures are present within us today simultaneously—if they are not, we are to that extent today unrealized human beings."

Walter Ong
In the Human Grain





Twelve Angry Jurors

Nancy Bologna, Kathy Denny, Nic Ament, Gary Groene, Dan Kaminski, Cindy James, Jim Renoha, John Bush, Kevin Barry, Mike Anderson, Cathy Huger, Allan Schaff



The Ski Team



B r o k e n G r o u n d



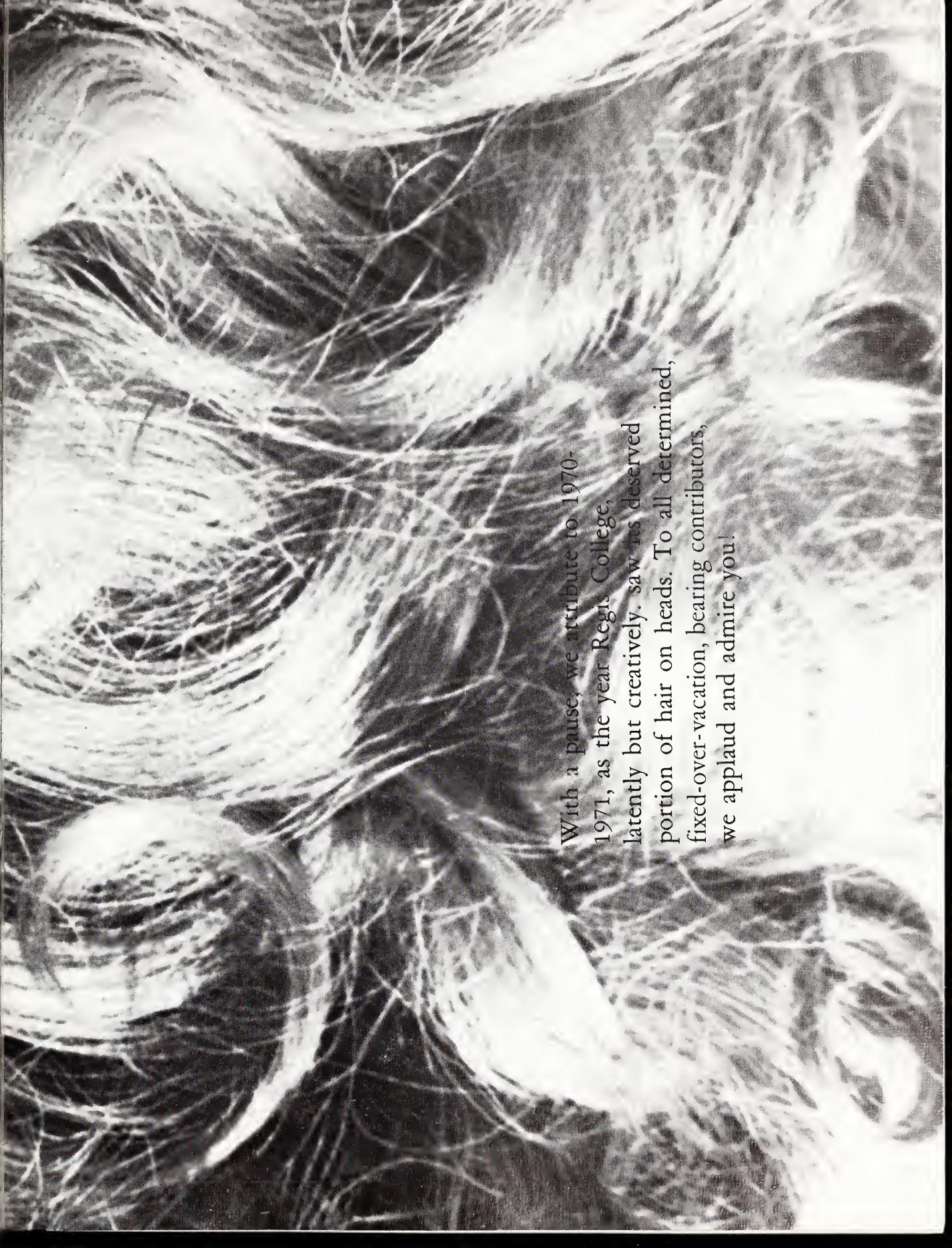
"Construction work began Friday at Regis College on a \$1,300,000 woman's residence hall facility, the seventh major addition to the college campus physical plant in 14 years. The three story structure will provide living space for 217 students in four-student suites. Of functional design, the buildings red brick exterior will match that of other campus buildings. Plans call for completion of the project about mid-January, 1972. The new building will be located on the west side of the Regis campus, between the present Student Center and Administration buildings."

The Catholic Register
5/6/71

The controversial dorm was parking ground for many an argument. The logic behind it—why do we need it? A seemingly surplus of funds being channelled into highly questionable directions. The great American expansion mania won again, "parietal hall" becomes a reality.







With a pause, we attribute to 1970-1971, as the year Regis College, latently but creatively, saw its deserved portion of hair on heads. To all determined, fixed-over-vacation, bearing contributors, we applaud and admire you!



Siger Ski Club Outstanding Skier Award—Fred Delzell
Outstanding Senior Athlete—Micheal O'Donnell
Outstanding Organization—Siger Ski Club
Outstanding Faculty Member—Theology Department
Executive Board Service Awards—Chris Whitaker

Thomas Fogarty
Francis McGivern
Edward Regan

Brown and Gold Outstanding Senior Award—Kevin Barry
Theater Guild Outstanding Actor Award—Kevin Barry



"Men of the Year"

John Caruso
Gregory Hendmann
Paul Fleming
James Mitchell
John Owen
Joseph Martin
William Hart
Micheal Tynan
Joseph Branconi
William Kriegshauser
John Rubey
Donald Gurey
Phillip Riley



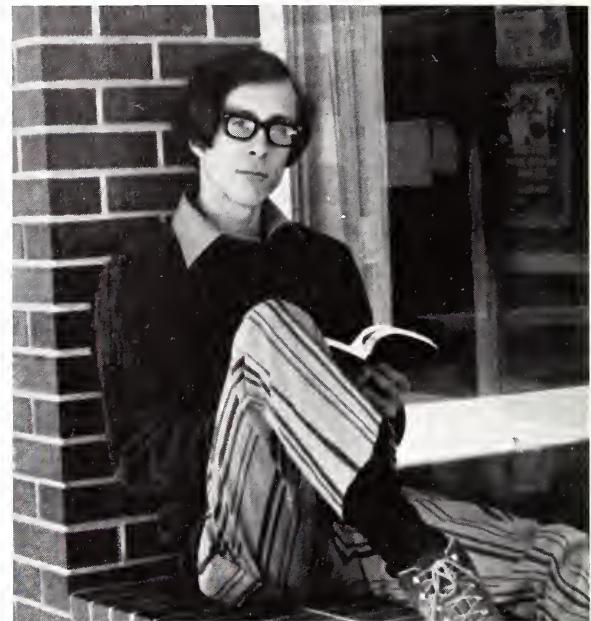
Honors Banquet



Seniors

Walter Abegg

Joseph Armbruster



Kevin Barry



Paul Bergman

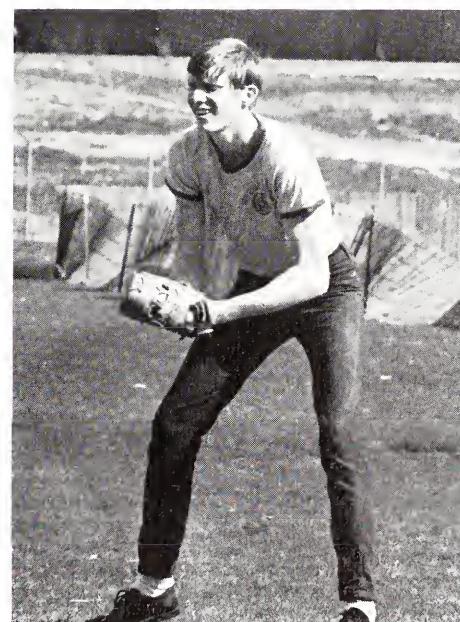


Joe Branconi and Nora Sheehan

Ray Brisnehan



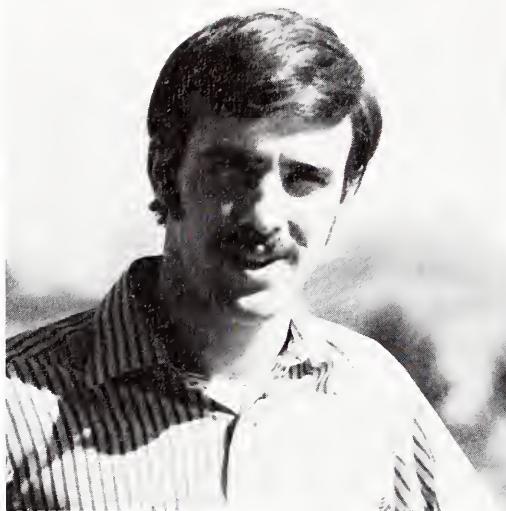
Mike Brust



Rick Carter

John Caruso

Dave Claussen



Kevin Collins



Marco Castaneda



Mike Connolly

Robert Cunniff



Rick Crotty



John Daly

Fred Delzell

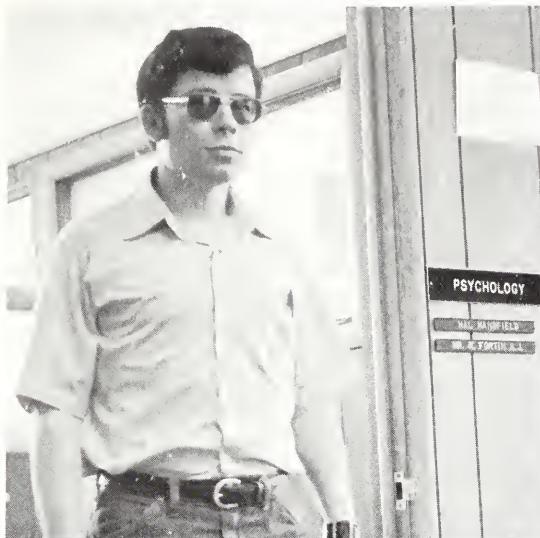
Bruce Edwards



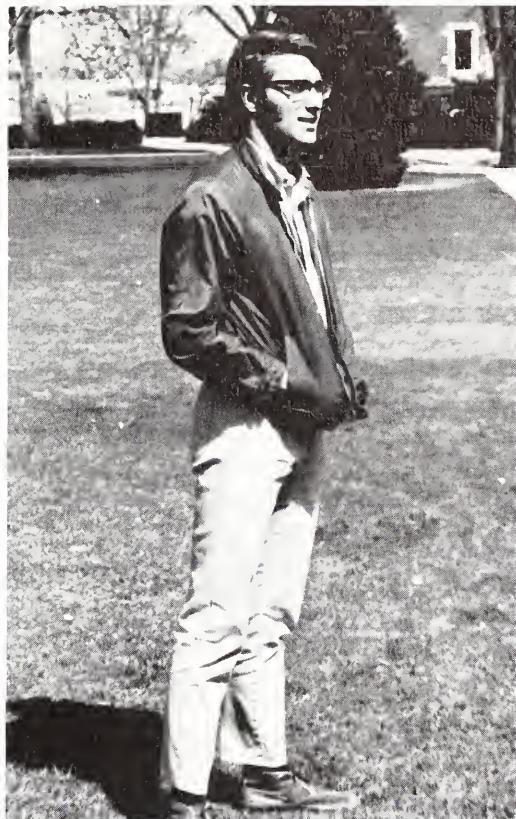
Gary Daum



Jim Donaldson



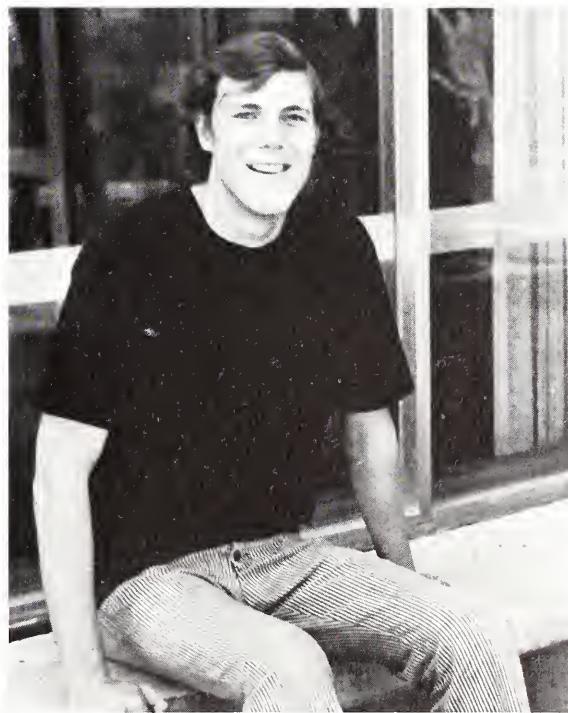
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Alan Flanigan



Paul Fleming



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Eugene Gasiorkiewicz



Bill Ginther

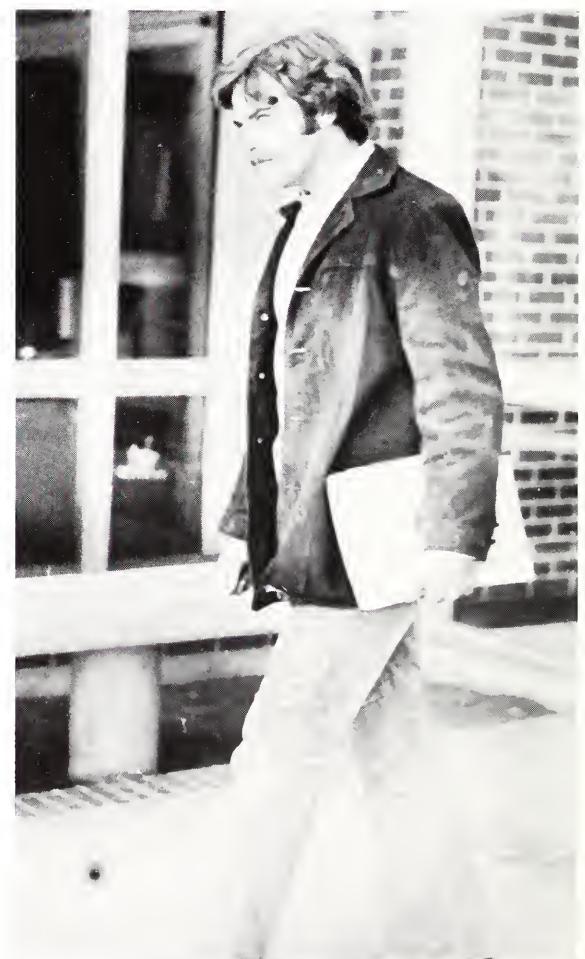


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Don Gury



Steve Johnson



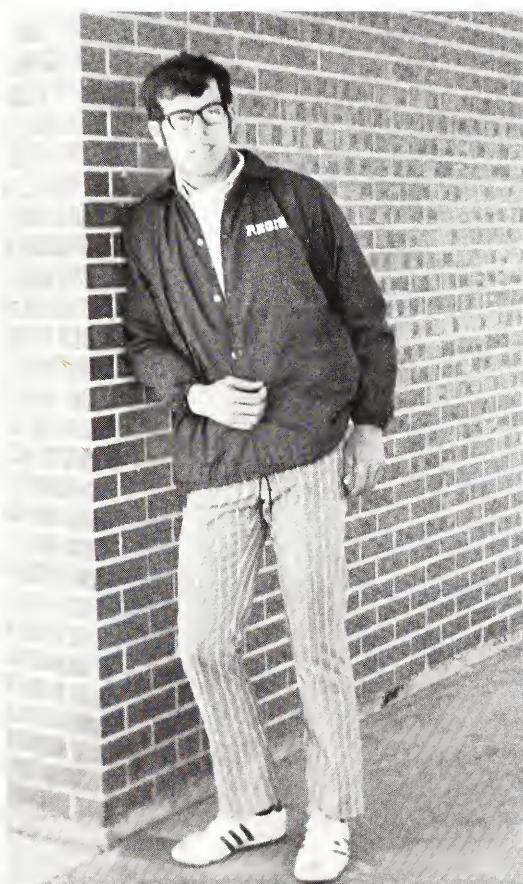
Larry Iwerson



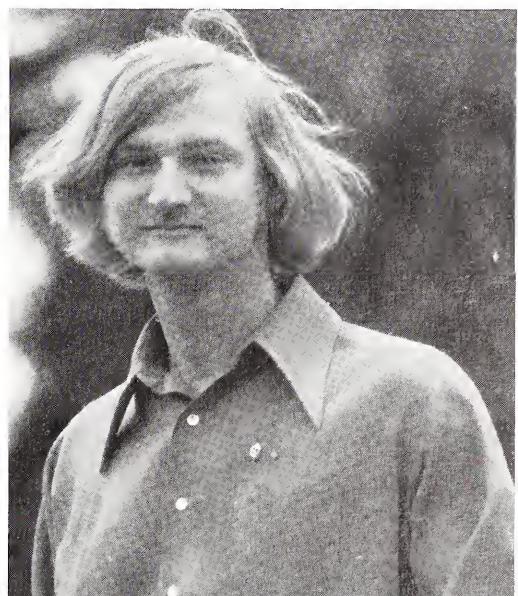
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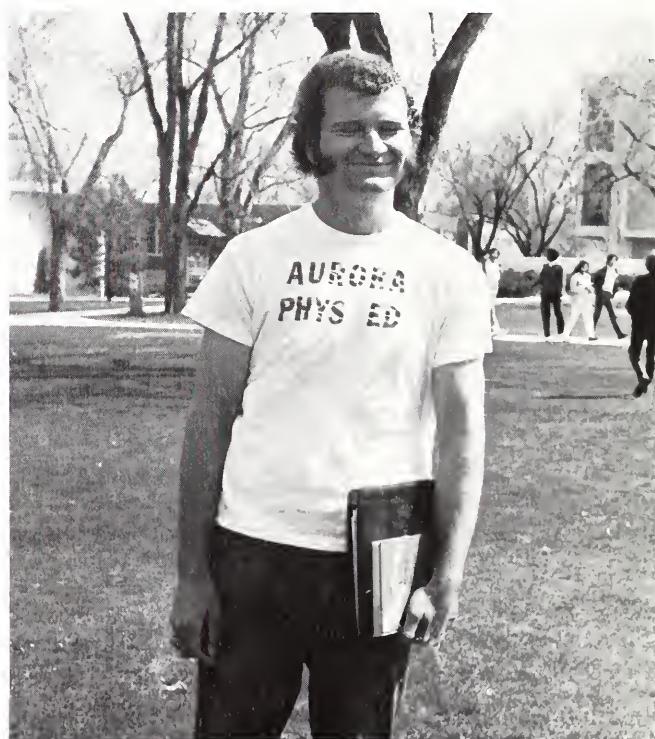
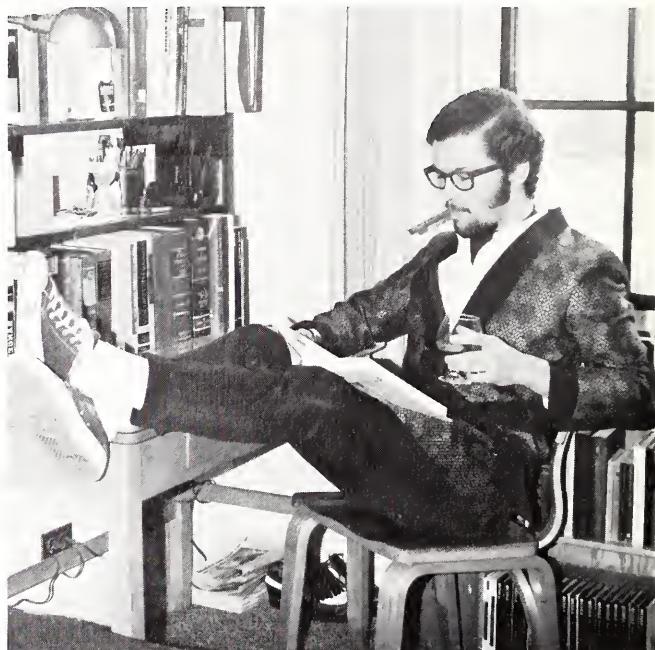
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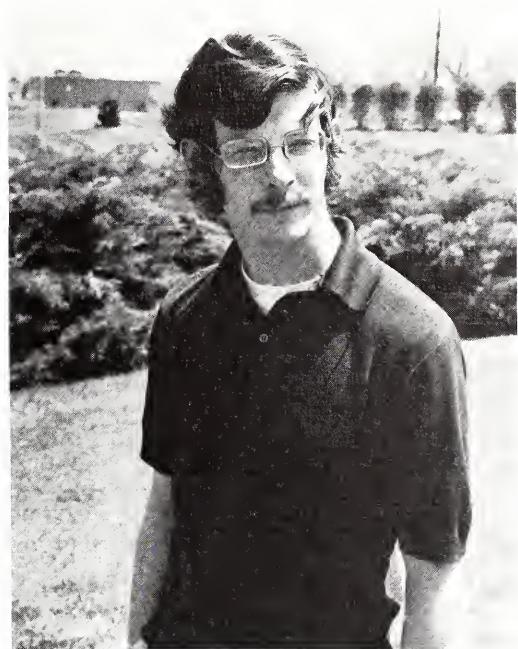


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Joe Martin



Lyra Martin



The William Martin Family

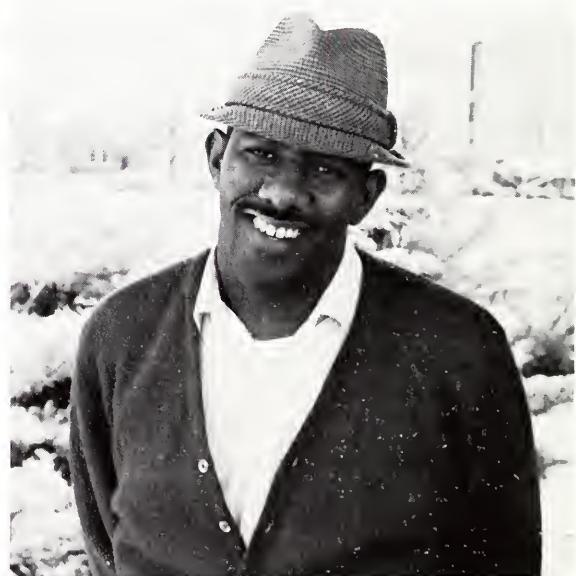
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Ann Ryan

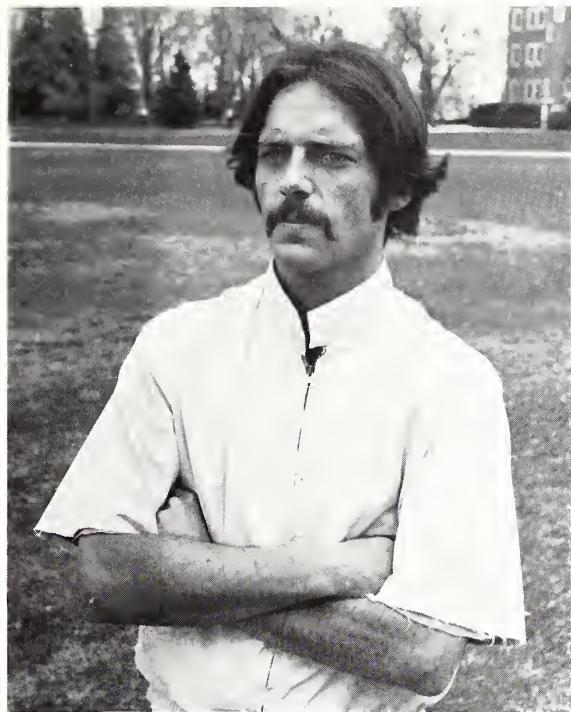
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Bill Shanley



Bruce Powdrill



Steve Shields

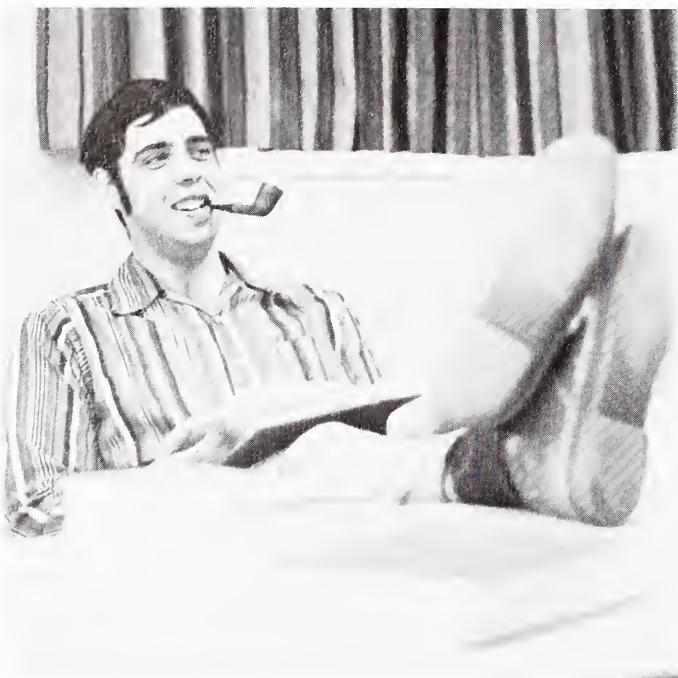
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J. R. Stearns



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Holt Tipton



Bill Tillotson



Mike Tierney



Joan Valko



Connie Unziker



Lloyd Watkins



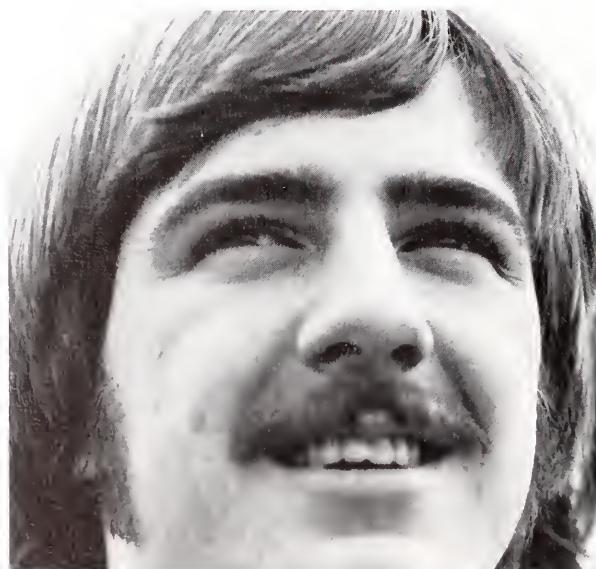
Mike Tynan



Heinz Weissbeck



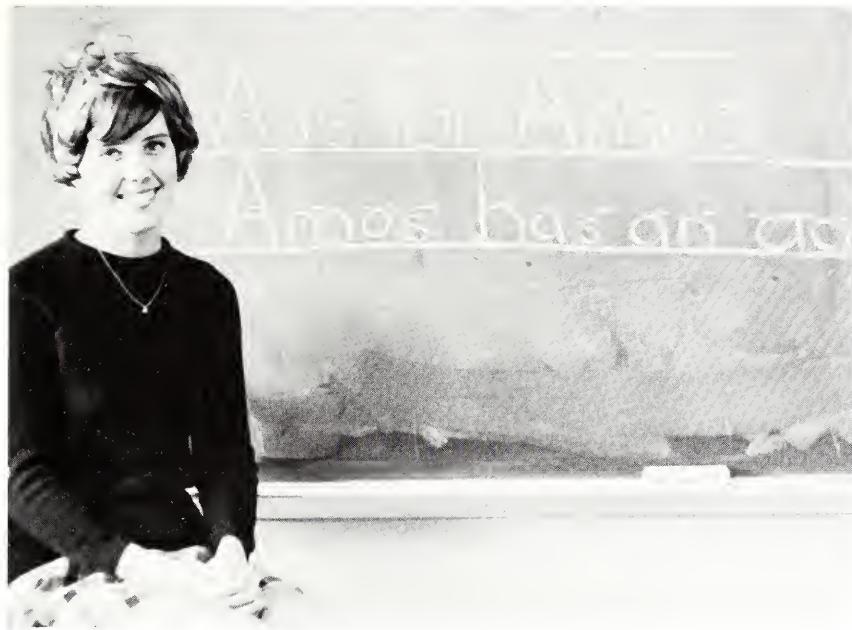
Steve Weiman



Tom Wodniak



Richard Weisbecker



Jean Ann Zeman



Jim Wiley



Ron Zarlengo



Norman Creel



Edward Housand



Gary Groene



Chuck Kolasinski



Tom Lamal

Seniors Not Pictured

Adrian, Michael
Albrecht, Edgar
Brice, Peter
Bronucio, Thomas
Cadiz, Frederick
Christy, Kenneth
Cooper, Ronald
Cramer, James
Dougherty, Robert
Engel, Richard
Gallipcau, Thomas
Hackett, Kathleen
Jones, William

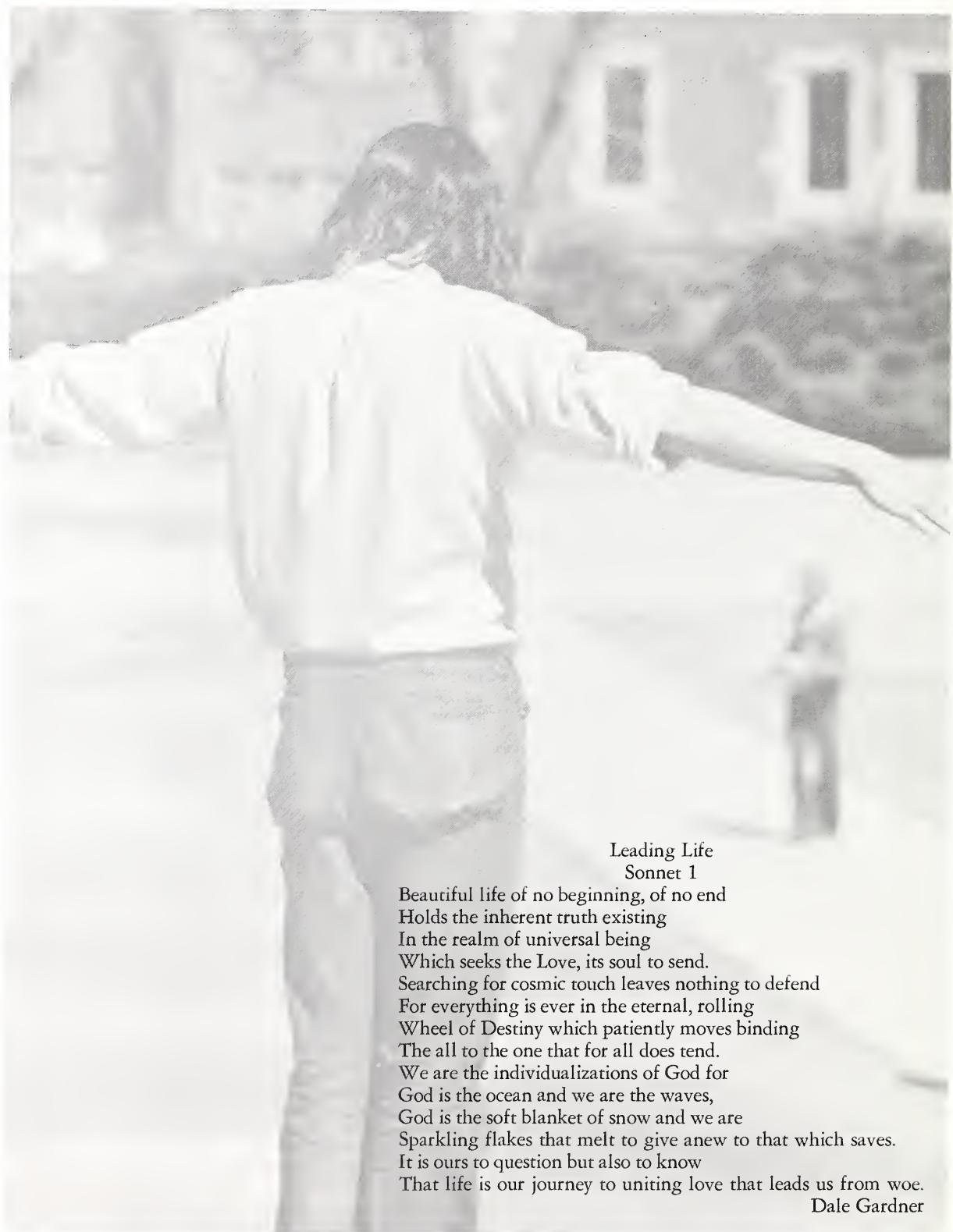
Kluge, James
McKinnon, George
Ord, David
Peter, Sr. Mary
Peterlin, Charles
Ruybal, Edward
Schultz, Sr. Mary
Starkey, James
Steger, Robert
Tassian, Michael
Van Hee, Sr. Joan
Weingardt, Connie



While violets are blue
and roses are red
People are cunning or
Killing or dead.

anonymous

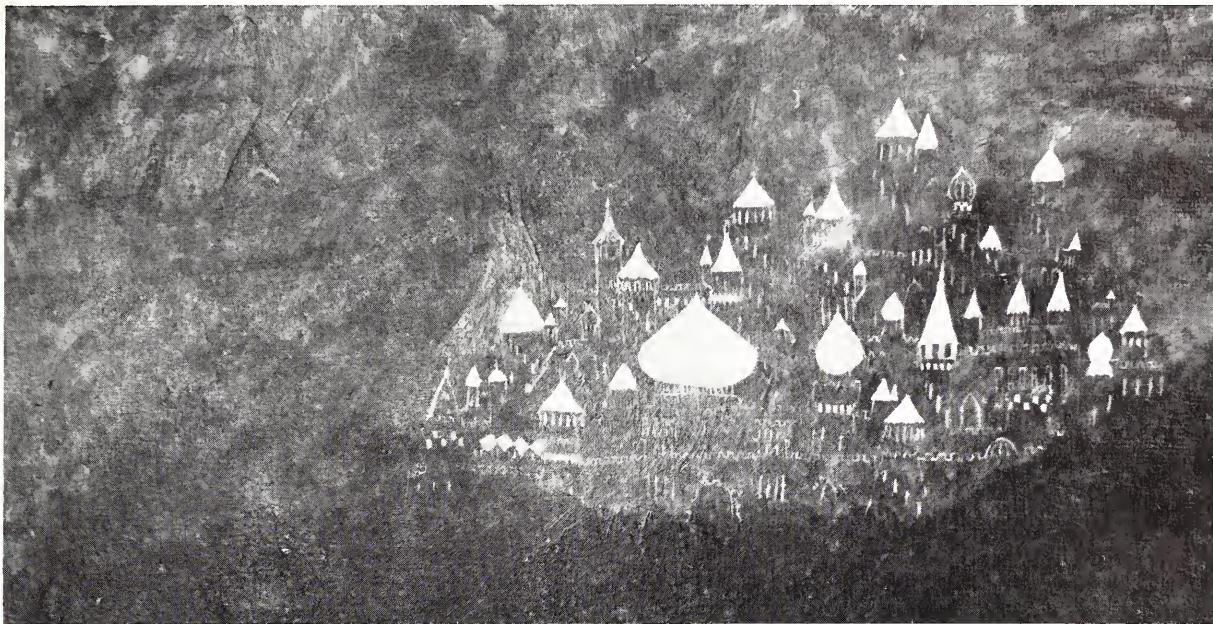
painting by Tunison



Leading Life
Sonnet 1

Beautiful life of no beginning, of no end
Holds the inherent truth existing
In the realm of universal being
Which seeks the Love, its soul to send.
Searching for cosmic touch leaves nothing to defend
For everything is ever in the eternal, rolling
Wheel of Destiny which patiently moves binding
The all to the one that for all does tend.
We are the individualizations of God for
God is the ocean and we are the waves,
God is the soft blanket of snow and we are
Sparkling flakes that melt to give anew to that which saves.
It is ours to question but also to know
That life is our journey to uniting love that leads us from woe.

Dale Gardner

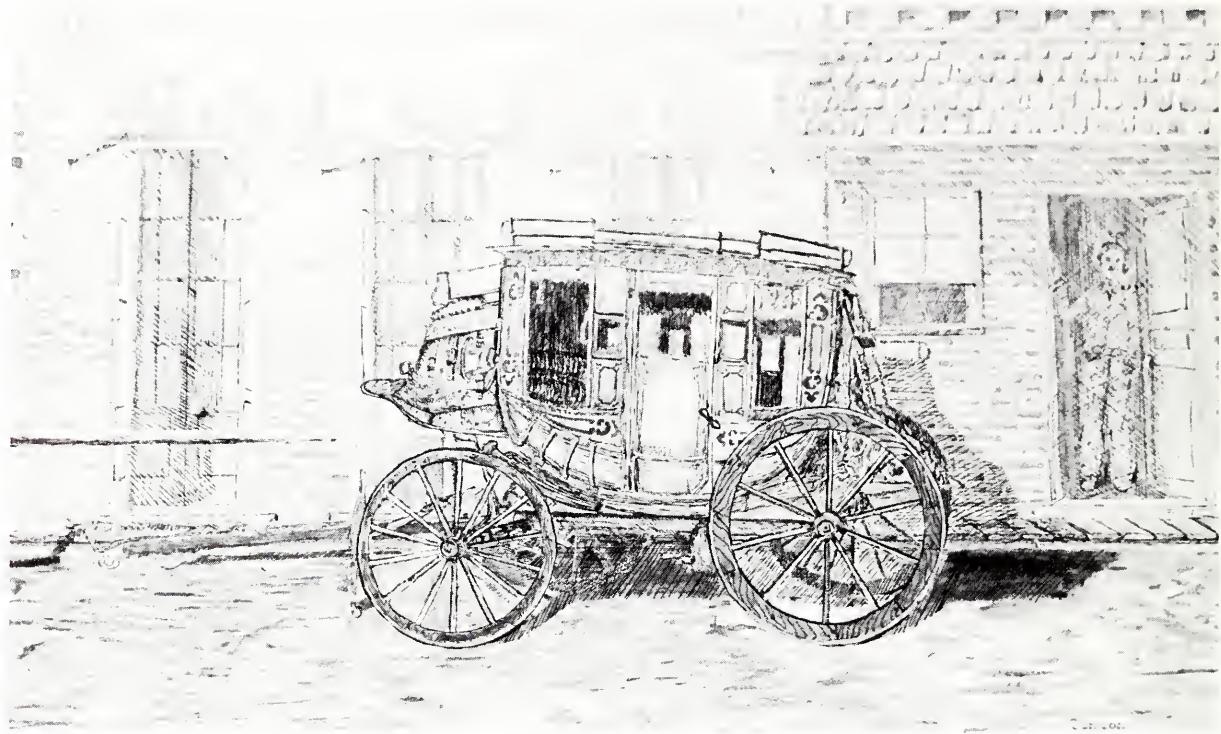


Void

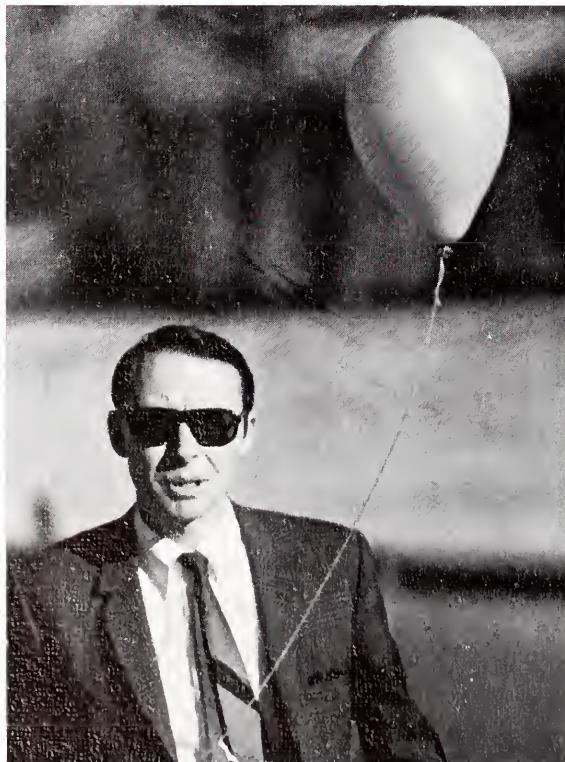
Youth awakened, perplexed.
He lay for many minutes
Without sound, without sight
In the cool dark emptiness of Hope.
Wisdom came to his side
And opened his glass eyelids gently.
She took him by the hand
To the fores of Knowledge,
Wherein Youth spoke:
"This is a vast and dense forest,
Without you to lead me I am lost."
But she was pleased,
For he entered the forest alone.
She then took him quietly
To the river of Success
Once again Youth spoke:
"Wisdom, this is a swift river.
Without you I will be swept away."
But once again he led the way,
Finding each stepping stone
To the other side. She smiled.
Next they approached the land of Love.
Youth started across,
But fell into hidden quicksand.
As he slowly sank deeper, he said:
"Wisdom, you have betrayed my trust.
You have led me to this place of Death."
She walked to the spot
Where he had been;
Sorrowfully but helplessly.

—painting by Scherrer

JRP



—painting by Tunison



I dreamt the other night
of getting a summer job.
much like a fantasy
i thought myself
passing out balloons
to the little children
at the zoo.
just imagine yourself
alone amidst a crowd of tikes
all standing in indecision
which one to choose
they're all so nice
which one was made
alone for them.
the decision comes,
now you sort it out
& place the magic string
so firmly in their little hands
you watch
as they proudly march away
the new found owner
of this tiny piece
of airswelled joy.

I

Cry

And

Laugh

In

The

Hopes

of

Turning

the

World

G Major

of invisible dreams

hopeless extremes

bouncing highly

blindly dryly

for the lack of
someone to be

you of ripened sage
mellowing age

softly sighing

discernibly tying

the loose end

together for me

to see me die

a self created lie

fusion of soul and mind

magnificently bind

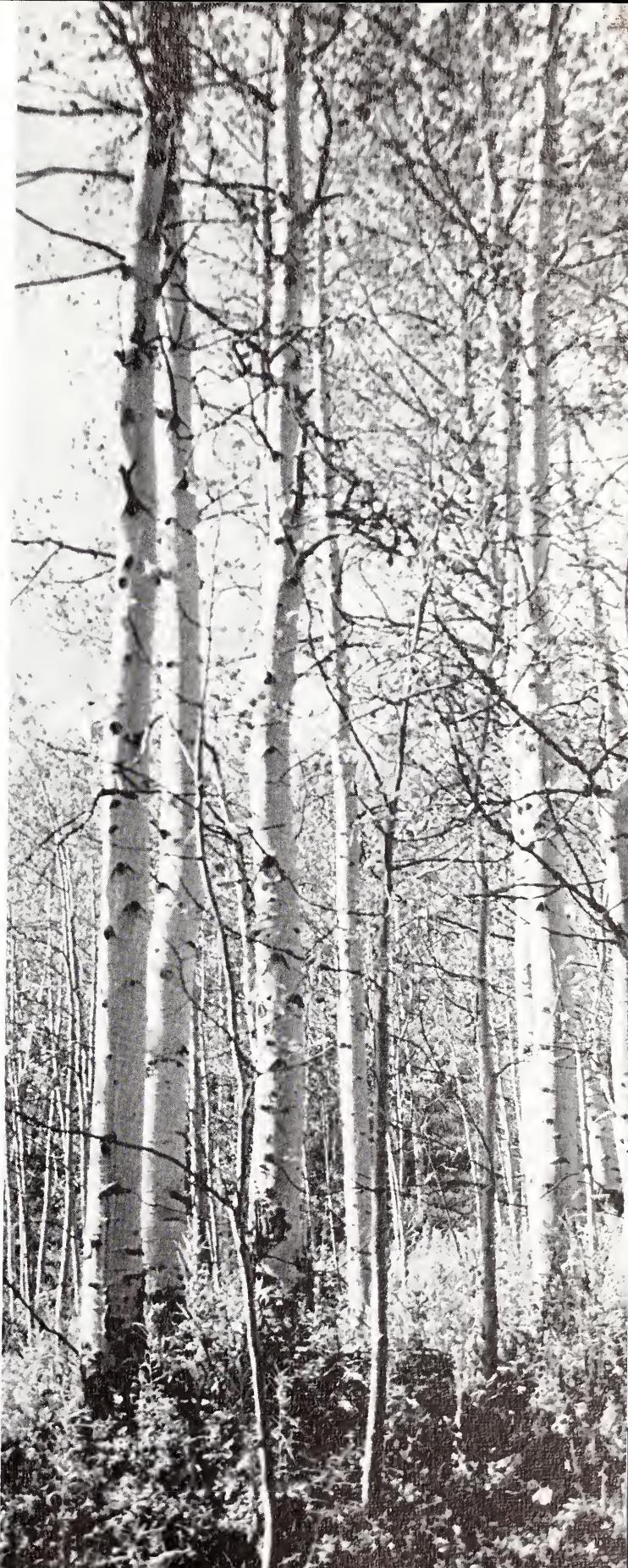
us

together burning

loving learning

in

—M. Smith



Walking along a city street, or in a meadow green
The stars in the eyes of a lady are something that I've never seen
The sun and the stars all laugh at me
Cause I'm growing old much too soon
A feeling of loneliness circles my heart
As I'm walking along with the moon

I have friends that I know in the daytime; they make my mornings seem right
But I know these people are just sunshine friends; cause I'm left
All alone every night
I dream of a lady with gold in her hair
And I wait for a happiness tune
But the lady's soon gone and my song isn't there
And I'm walking alone with the moon

Darkness fades with the dawning and dawning breaks into day
I wait for the day when the sun shines so brightly,
That it melts all my blues away
I'll see stars in the eyes of a lady I know
And I'll sing out a happiness tune
But for now I'll just gaze at the face in the sky
And go walking alone with the moon

Clarence Johnsen





Molly's Illicit Kaleidoscopic Experiment

You
Are
(to me)
The
Light
(and)
Wondrous
Day
of nowhere trails and mountainsides
of seesaw lands
have come to glide
with me
of (sometimes) at your side
you the boy of love who knows
that freedom is like the gale that blows
is one with love which then

can grow?
With you my days of sunshine pain
a silence pain
with what is you
and all that's me
again again
of gone seems far more bright
than dawning here midst blinding sight
The aura you of running play
as you say "today"
life to you to me who knows
the wheel spins on
will you still glow?
brings magic to the eyes
And with the magic day implies
Another darkness to comprise
potential light with which to . . .

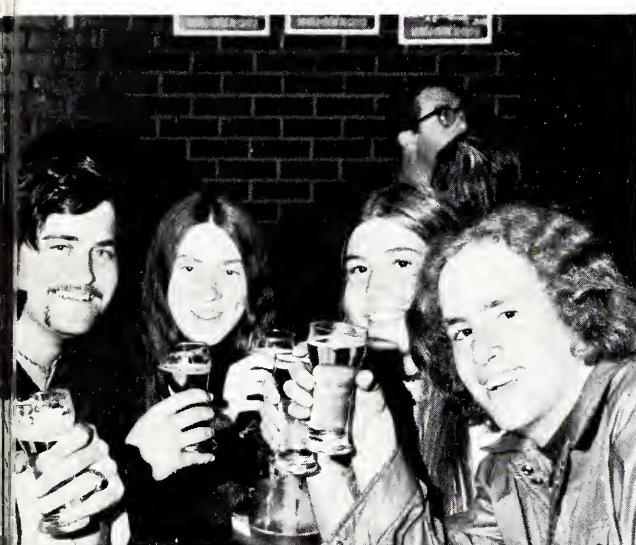
—M. Smith

go gently
as you are,
unfolding a little more each day
the peaks of your mountains
and the foam of your waves,
and the flame you hold inside
so that one day
yours will reach the stars
and light a smothered torch.
and your joy will multiply
giving hope where there was
despair
and life where there was
but mere existence—
so you have helped to do for me
and will do for others
simply by your being—



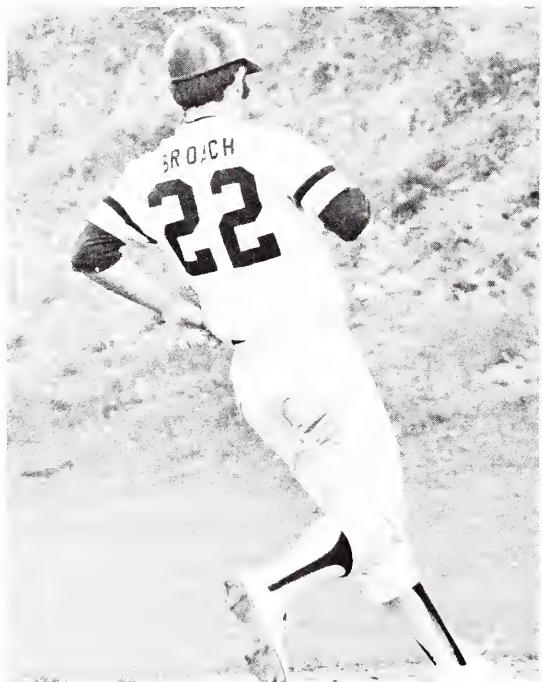
The Bar Talk





—A Refuge for All
Needy Vagrants

Baseball—1971



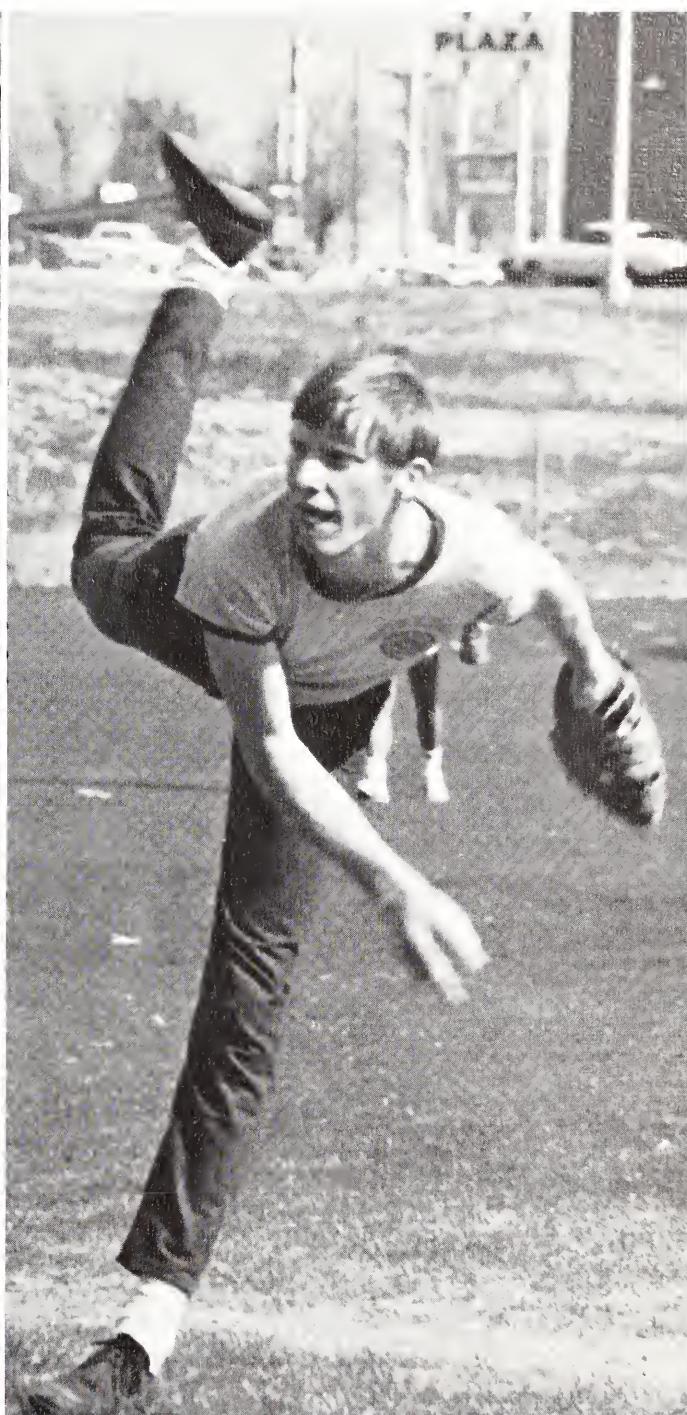
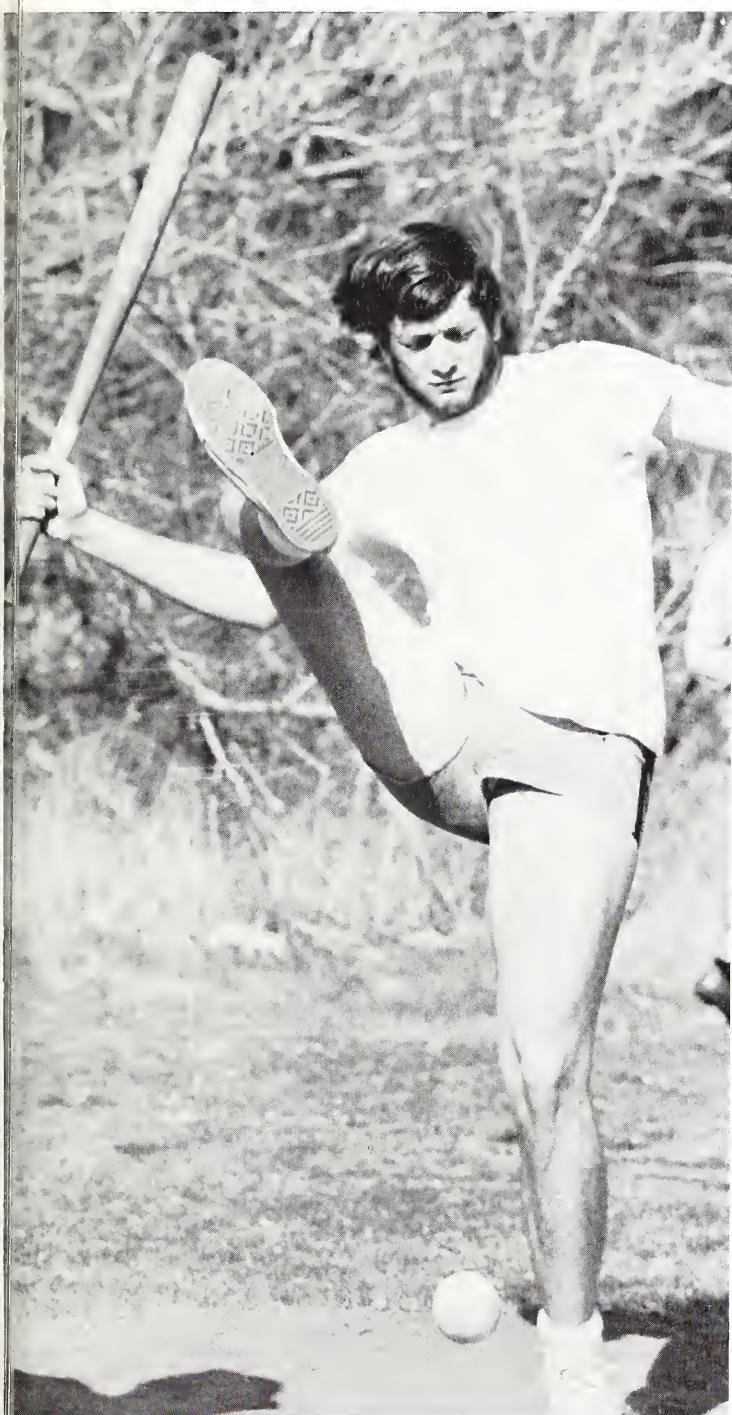


| REGIS | OPPONENT | SCORE |
|-------|------------------------|-------|
| 5 | Metro State College | 3 |
| 10 | Metro State College | 6 |
| 14 | Metro State College | 8 |
| 20 | Metro State College | 10 |
| 2 | Univ. of Colorado | 4 |
| 1 | Univ. of Colorado | 4 |
| 10 | Colorado Mines | 15 |
| 13 | Colorado Mines | 3 |
| 10 | Colorado Mines | 11 |
| 13 | Colorado Mines | 14 |
| 6 | Metro State College | 14 |
| 3 | Air Force Academy | 16 |
| 5 | College of Artesia | 4 |
| 8 | College of Artesia | 6 |
| 7 | College of Artesia | 3 |
| 2 | College of Artesia | 1 |
| 3 | New Mexico State Univ. | 6 |
| 3 | New Mexico State Univ. | 13 |
| 4 | New Mexico State Univ. | 5 |
| 7 | New Mexico State Univ. | 9 |
| 1 | Eastern New Mexico | 9 |
| 2 | Eastern New Mexico | 9 |
| 7 | Eastern New Mexico | 4 |
| 4 | Eastern New Mexico | 10 |
| 10 | New Mexico Highlands | 5 |
| 3 | New Mexico Highlands | 5 |
| 0 | New Mexico Highlands | 10 |
| 3 | New Mexico Highlands | 14 |
| 4 | Western State College | 1 |
| 5 | Western State College | 6 |
| 6 | Adams State College | 8 |
| 10 | Adams State College | 16 |
| 2 | Air Force Academy | 9 |
| 2 | Adams State College | 16 |
| 6 | Adams State College | 10 |
| 12 | Western State College | 7 |
| 9 | West. State College | 10 |
| 7 | Colorado College | 5 |
| 9 | Colorado College | 12 |



The Regis College Tennis team placed third in conference this year. They ended the year with a 9 won 9 loss record. In the same season intramural softball showed some strange characteristics.



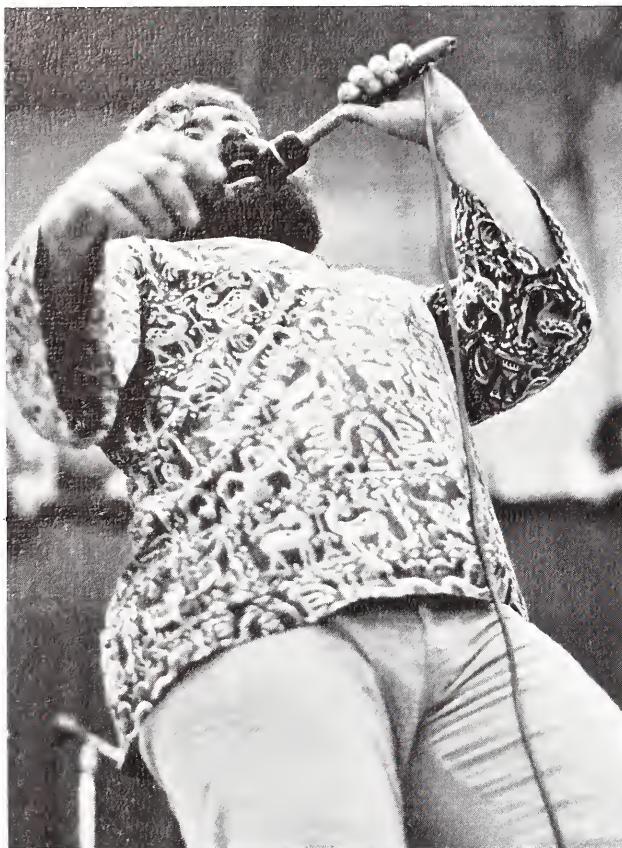




**Jr. Sr. Prom
(An Allnighter Special)**







Mr. Rubey Does It Again
Chase

Steve Martin



Mike Williams

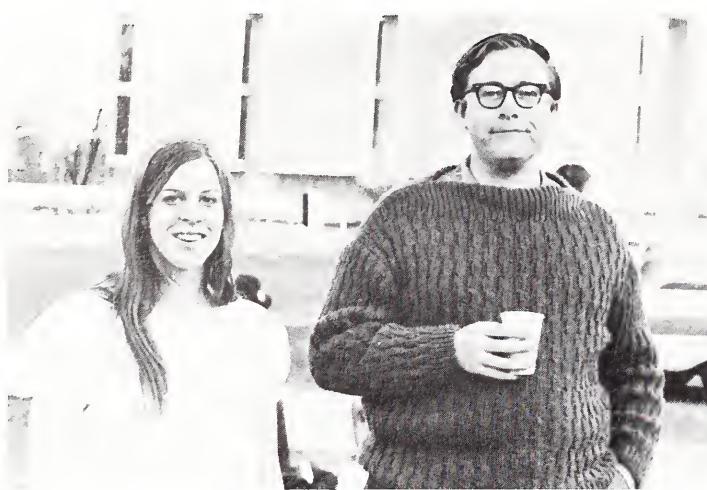


Brent Lewis

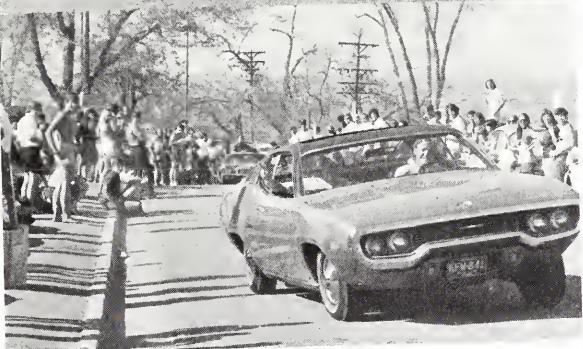
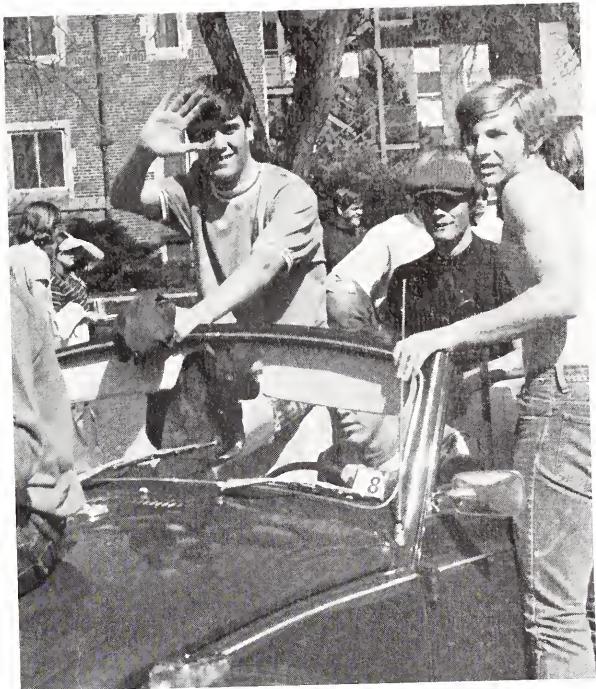


And the Absolute Insanity of
The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

Ranger Day...



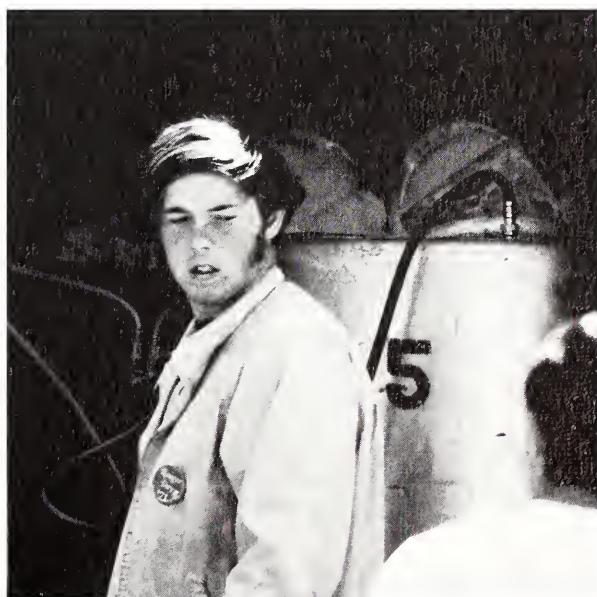
The People...



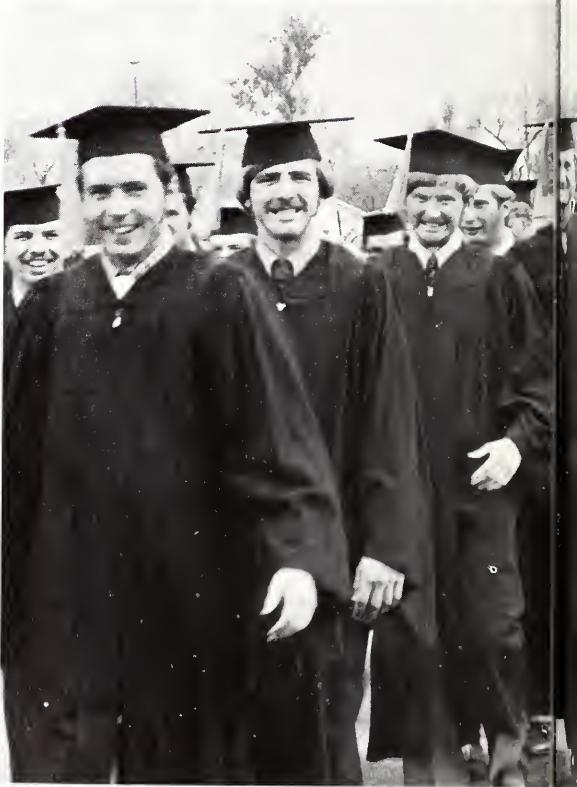
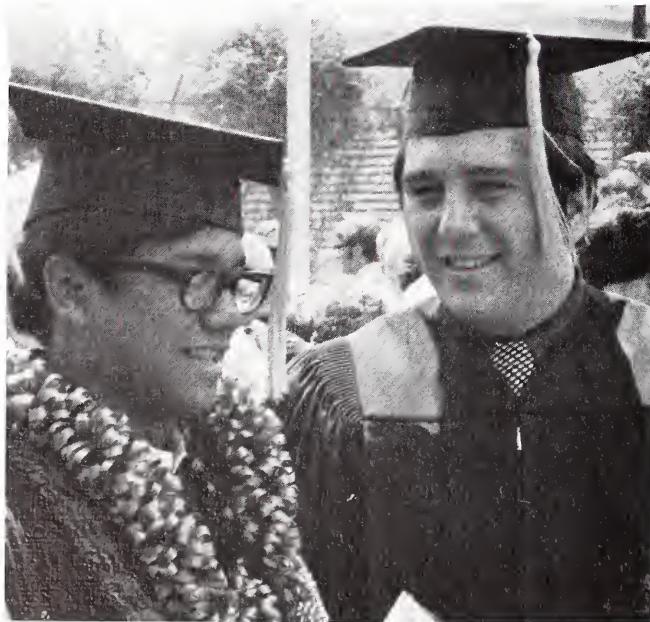
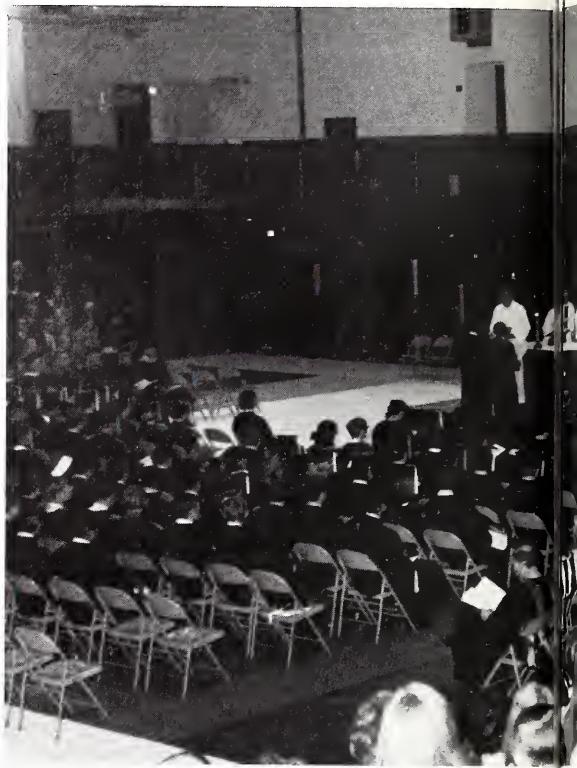
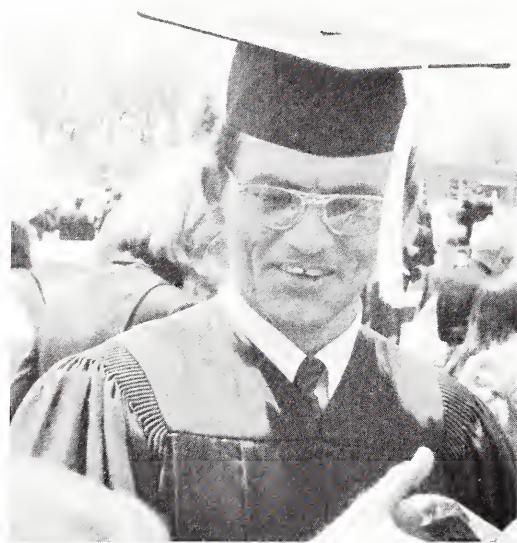
The Games . . .



The Fancy Dancers . . .



The Beer.

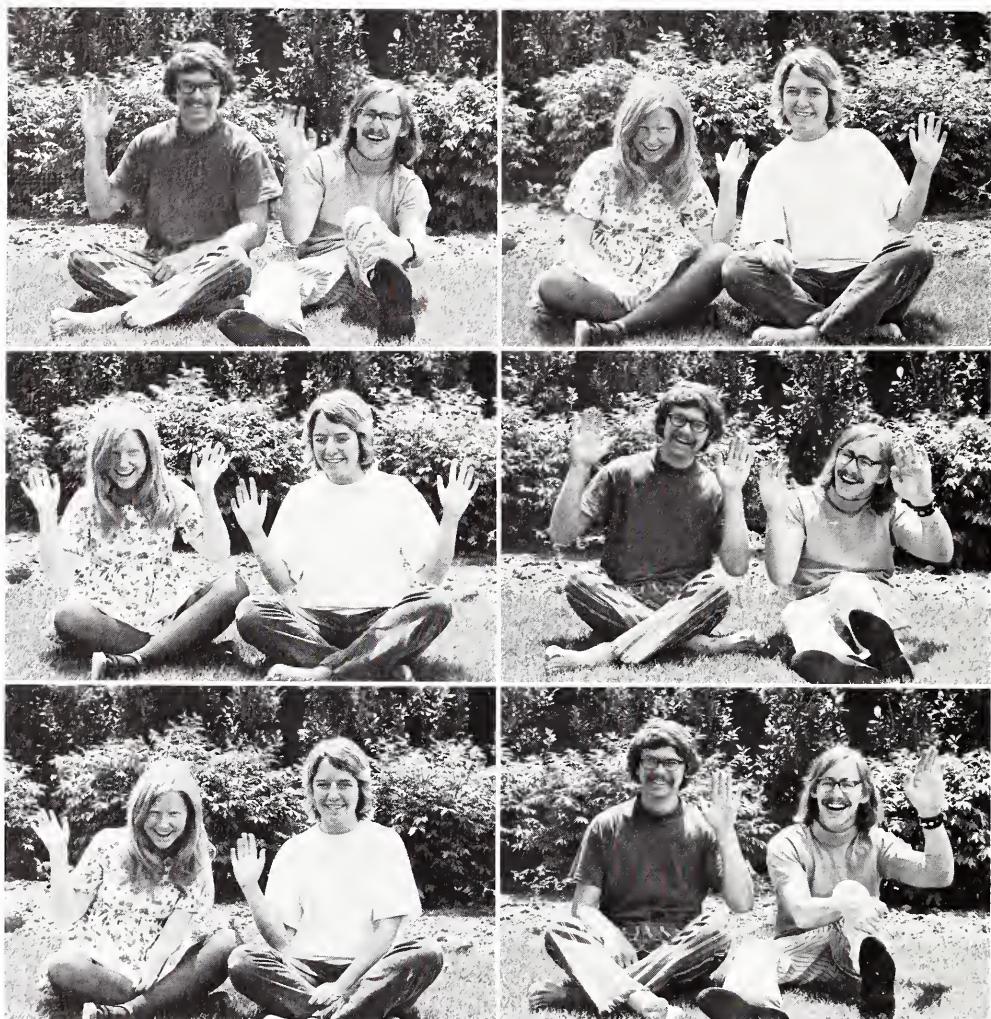




Graduation 1971







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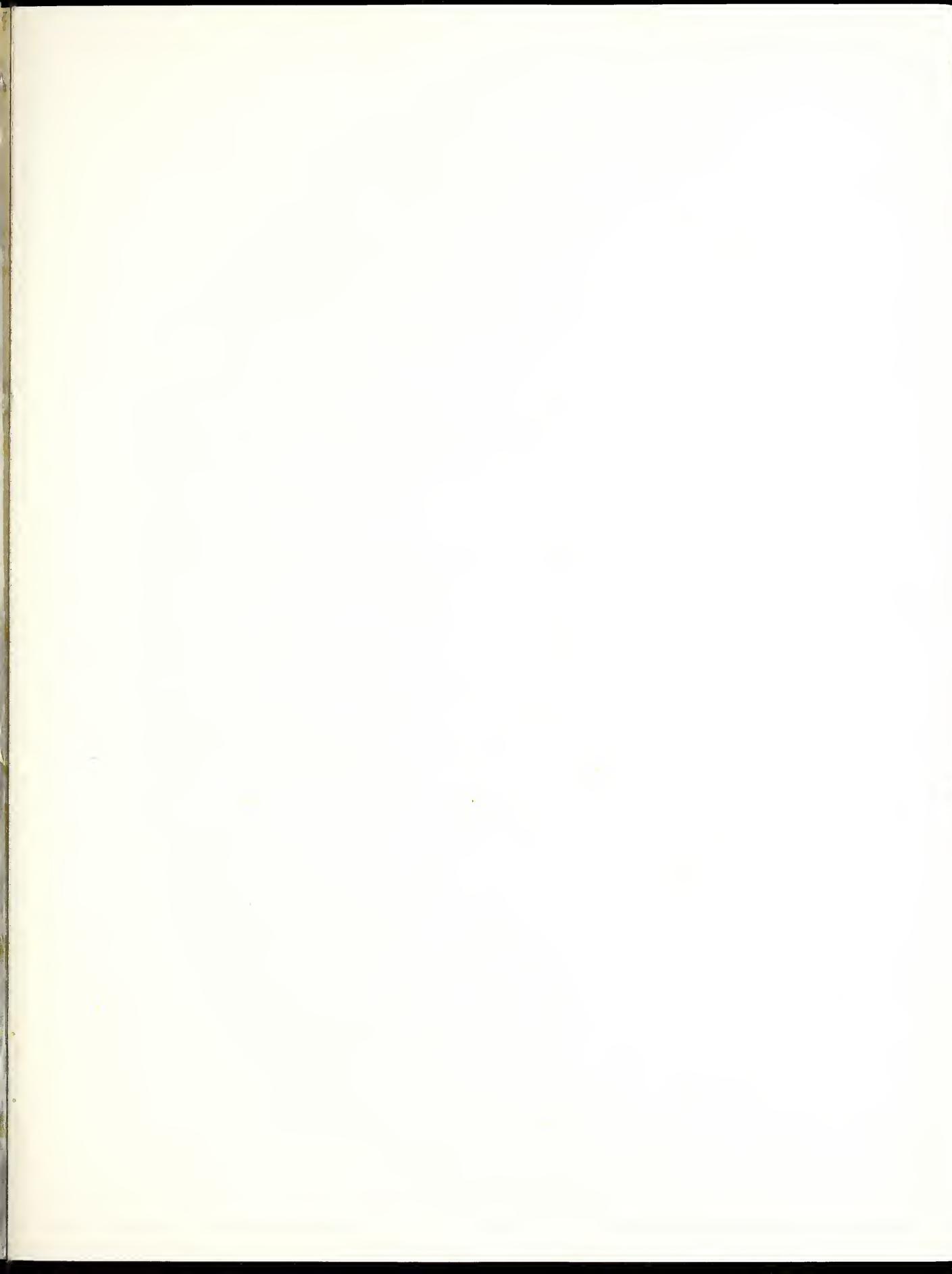
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